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DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

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Where does he come from?

Why can't he remember?

Burning questions

. . . and only the bright spark firing up the Eighth Doctor's print adventures has all the answers!

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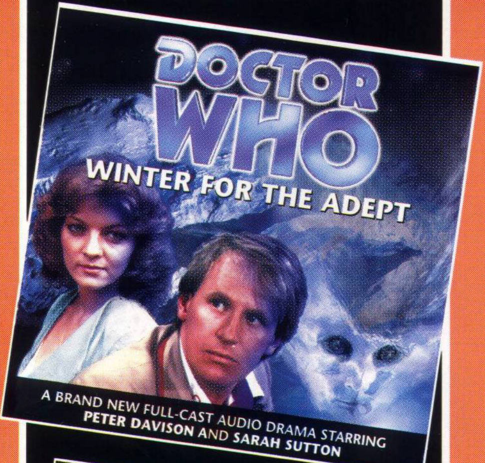
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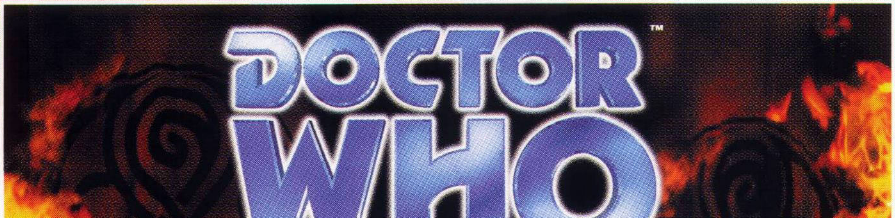
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DWM 294

'A funny man in a Police Box – and, er, that's it . . .'

FEATURES

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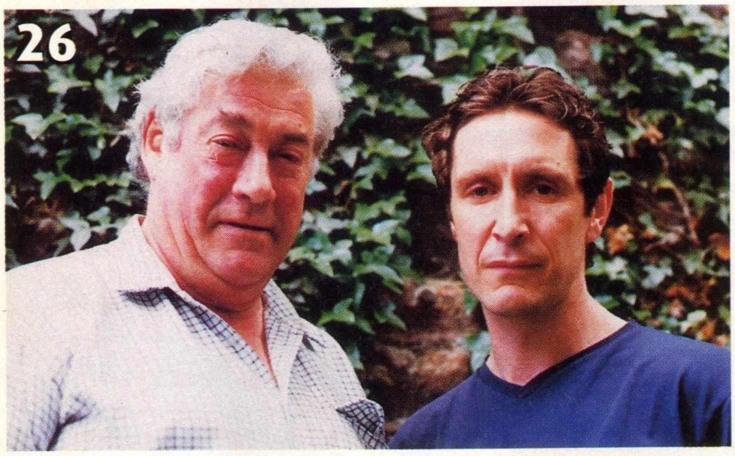
The Man Who Knew Too Much!

Why has the Eighth Doctor suddenly lost his memory, his home and his identity? New BBC Books consulting editor Justin Richards points the way forward for the continuing adventures of the latest TARDIS incumbent in this summer's *The Burning* . . .

44 The Great Escape!

Caught up in a murderous conspiracy in ancient Babylon, the First Doctor and friends find Alexander the Great too hot to handle in *Farewell Great Macedon* – a lost story from Season One!



26 Take Me Back to Dear Old Blighty

He's coming home! Both Paul McGann and the Eighth Doctor are back from the States in a series of all-new audio adventures – and **DWM** was in the studio!

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Gallifrey Guardian

Bryant: once more onto the beach . . .

Reeltime Pictures will be taking Peri actress Nicola Bryant back to the Canary Islands, the location of her debut *Doctor Who* serial *Planet of Fire*, for an upcoming video special. This new interview tape is scheduled to be shot in Lanzarote in September.

Meanwhile, the company has added several new titles to its *Myth Makers* range. Model-maker Mat Irvine appears in his own tape in July, plus a special entitled *K9: A Dog's Life* in October. Bob Baker and Dave Martin, the writing duo who created the Doctor's robot dog, record their thoughts on the series in *Myth Makers 49*, on sale in August. The 50th *Myth Makers* tape – which is promised to be a little bit special – features Elisabeth Sladen. Finally, December's release is a tribute to Second Doctor Patrick Troughton.

Bernice brought forward

Audio producers Big Finish Productions have announced a change to their autumn schedule. *The Summoning*, in which the Seventh Doctor and Ace share the limelight with Virgin *New Adventures* companion Bernice Summerfield, moves up to October; Fifth Doctor Dalek story *The Mutant Phase*, originally announced for October, takes its place as the December release. November's *The Holy Terror* holds its position.

Coming in DWM 295

Lazars, leonine mesomorphs and lost adventures are discussed in an in-depth interview with writer Stephen Gallagher! Plus: William Hartnell comes face to face with *The Savages* in the **DWM** Archive; our history of Target Books sees their shelf life extended; and Tom Baker teaches us *Everything We Ever Needed to Know About Life!* Packed to the gills with the usual mixture of features, news and previews of the latest adventures from BBC Books and Big Finish, the next issue hits the streets on 24 August!

Spearhead From Space on DVD in December

Autons go digital!

The Season 7 gang: N Courtney, J Pertwee and C John

As announced last issue, 1970 four-parter *Spearhead From Space* will make its DVD debut soon. This, the first Third Doctor adventure, is scheduled for release by BBC Worldwide in December.

Although *Spearhead* was extensively remastered for its repeat showing on BBC2 late last year, some additional work on both sound and colour is being carried out in advance. The disc is expected to contain as extras: a running commentary by actors Nicholas Courtney (the Brigadier) and Caroline John (Liz Shaw); previously unseen stills; and, subject to confirmation, the 'UNIT recruitment film' originally taped as part of the series' 30th anniversary celebrations.

In addition, the 1996 *Doctor Who* TV Movie starring Paul McGann has apparently been slated as a possible future DVD release.

• Video news

It's now certain that the Cybermen boxed set to be released by BBC Video in November will contain a full-length telesnap-and-soundtrack reconstruction of the missing final episode of First Doctor farewell story *The Tenth Planet* (an instalment which is, apparently, one of the BBC's top ten 'most wanted' lost programmes!). Film prints of the surviving first three episodes have been substantially cleaned up and their soundtracks remastered.

Preceding 1985's *Attack of the Cybermen*, the second story in the package, will be a bonus clip – a short section from the contemporaneous Saturday morning children's magazine *Saturday Superstore*, in which stars Colin Baker and Nicola Bryant spoke about the adventure and took calls from viewers.

Outside the Spaceship

What Doctor Who's movers and shakers are up to . . .

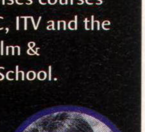
Compiled by Dominic May

Television **Tom Baker**'s voice can be heard in *Max Bear*, which will be broadcast in the morrning on Channel 4 from October. **Louise Jameson**, who leaves *EastEnders* shortly, will be playing *Curse of Fatal Death* companion **Julia Sawalha**'s mother in BBC1's new theatrical sitcom *Mirrorball*, which reunites the team behind *Absolutely Fabulous*; meanwhile, *COFD* writer **Steven Moffat** is penning a second series of BBC2's *Coupling*. **Nicola Bryant** appeared in BBC1's *Doctors* during May, playing the mother of a young girl poisoned after eating lead paint. Queen Galleia/Dr Solow actress **Ingrid Pitt** was among the guest cast of Channel 5's *Urban Gothic*. **Philip Hinchcliffe** is the executive producer of four further forthcoming two-hour editions of ITV's *Taggart*. ITV's recent children's series *Harry and the Wrinklies* was directed by **Andrew Morgan**.

Film **Douglas Adams** recently finished a new draft of the script for the long-awaited big screen version of *The Hitch-hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*: "It's the first time in all these years that we've had a screenplay which clearly works and seems to solve all the problems of it needing to be both a real version of *Hitch-hiker* and also a proper movie . . ."

Stage **Mary Tamm** was recently seen as Marie Hoff at Yeovil's Octagon Theatre in *The Rise and Fall of Little Voice*. **Bonnie Langford** is appearing in *That's Entertainment* at the Weymouth Pavilion from Mondays to Wednesdays until 6 September.

Miscellaneous **Tom Baker** is writing another book – a fantasy involving "murderous scarecrows, mayhem and great violence. In the opening there is a fearful murder." **Sophie Aldred** has given birth to a baby boy, Adam. **Pennant Roberts** has been appointed the new chairman of Media Skills Wales; he continues to run his own production company Penderyn Films and supervises courses for the BBC, ITV and the National Film & Television School.



Obituary **Aubrey Richards**, who played Professor Parry in *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, died recently aged 80.

Daleks menace . . . who?

The fearsome Daleks are likely to challenge one of the first seven Doctors as part of BBC Books' original fiction schedule for 2001.

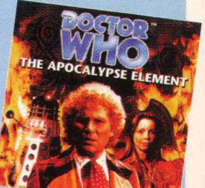
Range consultant Justin Richards hopes to confirm the return of the Doctor's mortal enemies, plus the name of the author who'll be directing their operations, soon.

In the meantime, *Dominion*/*The Fall of Yquatine* writer Nick Walters is working on June's 'past Doctors' adventure, *The Gardens of Rocosia*. A Fifth Doctor and Peri story, *Gardens* is set on a very alien world with no human characters.

The Eighth Doctor's print voyages continue with April's *Vanishing Point*, by former range editor Stephen Cole.

Win a Time Lady!

Big Finish Productions' *Dalek Empire* series continues with August's *Apocalypse Element* – which sees the Sixth Doctor and Evelyn meeting up with Romana to pit their wits against those evil pepperpots. We've got five copies to give away – and all you have to do to get your grubby little protuberances on one is to answer this question . . .



Romana actress Lalla Ward is married to which famous scientist? Is it: [a] Stephen Hawking; [b] Richard Dawkins; or [c] Davros?

Entries on a postcard marked ROMANA, YOU ARE WONDERFUL to the editorial address by 23 August.

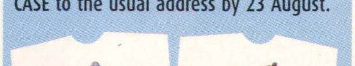
Win a wardrobe!

Sci-fi store 10th Planet move into the realms of *haute couture* with two new T-shirts featuring the Daleks and the Cybermen, based on artist Duncan Gutteridge's full-colour paintings.

Five readers can impress fellow fans with their impeccable dress sense – and win a pair of T-shirts just by answering the following very easy question . . .

Which famous scientist invented the Daleks? Is it: [a] Stephen Hawking; [b] Richard Dawkins; or [c] Davros?

Answers, as ever, on a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked I'D LIKE TO SEE A BUTTERFLY FIT INTO A CHRYSALIS CASE to the usual address by 23 August.



Yeti revived in Southsea!

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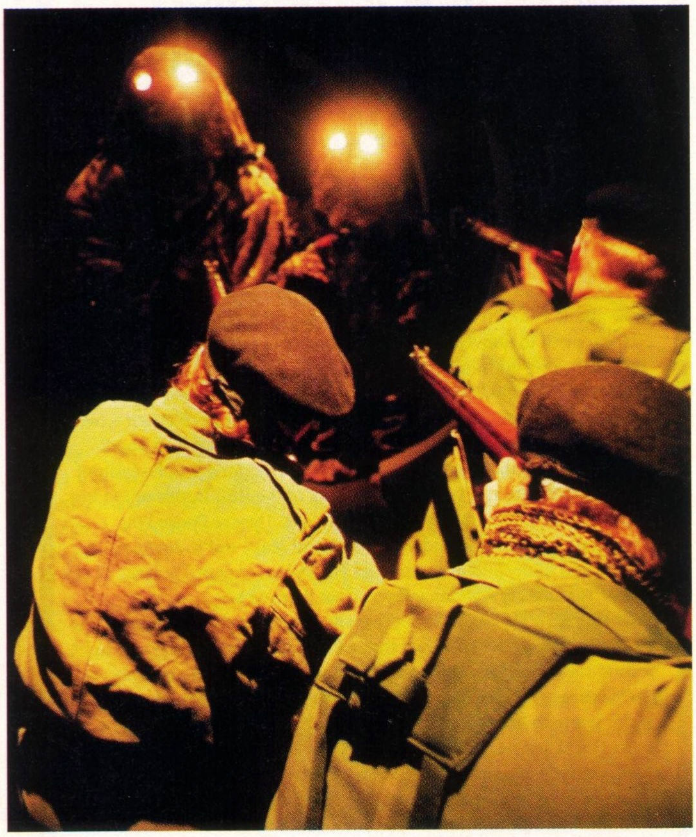


Curtain up! **Andrew Webster** sees a lost 1960s classic brought to life on the Portsmouth fringe . . .

Most *Doctor Who* fans would sell their grandmothers to see *The Web of Fear* – the Second Doctor's 'Yeti in the Underground' adventure, all but one episode of which has been missing from the BBC Archives for 30 years. But I saw it on Saturday 3 June at the Portsmouth Arts Centre – and it was great!

This stage version of *The Web of Fear* was produced by the combined forces of the Bedlam Theatre Company and Dramatis Personae, two local amateur theatre groups. With the permission of original authors Mervyn Haisman and Henry Lincoln, the production was adapted from transcripts of the original broadcasts by Rob Thrush. It ran from May 31 to June 3 – and proved so popular that every performance was sold out, including an unplanned Saturday matinée.

The Portsmouth Arts Centre is part of an old school, and the 'stage' was simply one half of a long hall divided into three main areas: the Operations Room/Laboratory on the left, the Common Room area in the centre, and a 10 foot high section of Tube tunnel to the right. Retaining the short scenes and quick pace of the original, the whole production had more of a televisual 'feel' to it than a theatrical one. The action was never halted for scenery to be moved about; from time to time, subtle movement would continue in a darkened area while another scene was played out, such as the Doctor tinkering in the laboratory.

The play was divided neatly into two 55-minute acts. With nearly two episodes' worth of material removed, the story raced along at a cracking pace – but the only edit which actually registered with me was the loss of the brief but amusingly poor attempt by Captain Knight to chat up Anne Travers in Episode One.

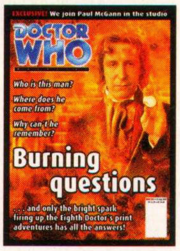
All the essential elements of the story were carefully reproduced. The Yeti themselves, probably the most important element to get right, were magnificent, towering, furry beasties. The powerful lights of their eyes could often be seen creeping along the walls before the actual creatures appeared on the darkened set, and in some scenes their eyes appeared to be the only light source, creating quite an eerie effect. That said, one of the Yetis' eyes went on the blink one night – and it began an oh-so-friendly winking at the audience!

Two key sequences were shown as pre-recorded inserts projected onto a cloth at the back of the stage. The first was the discovery of the smothered newspaper seller, filmed at a genuine railway station; the second was the action-packed battle between the Colonel's troops and three Yeti (which I had assumed would be the first thing to be cut from a stage production).

At first it seemed strange to see familiar lines spoken by unfamiliar faces, but the play's cast soon made the parts their own. As the Doctor, Nick Scovell – a fan video veteran and Big Finish guest artiste – wisely avoided making any attempt to mimic the late Patrick Troughton. Dressed rather like Peter Cushing's big screen Doctor in brown coat and fingerless gloves, this was an altogether more dapper hero with a quiet authority and a slightly distracted air.

In the only real departure from the television serial, three characters underwent a change of sex – so we were introduced to a female Private Weams (a cheerful Cockney soldier whose demise brought little gasps of shock from the audience), Julia Silverstein (whose husband had bought a defunct Yeti from Professor Travers many years previously) and the gutter press journalist Harriet Chorley. These changes were made to better reflect the balance of actors and actresses in both theatre groups.

The show had its own title sequence, plus web-covered closing credits at the end of the first Act. Brilliantly re-creating this lost classic, the production also succeeded in raising several hundred pounds for a Cot Death charity. Unfortunately, there are no plans for any repeat performances – so, as with that single BBC transmission back in 1968, if you missed it, you missed out! DWM


EXCLUSIVE! We join Paul McGann in the studio
DOCTOR WHO
Who is this man?
Where does he come from?
Why can't he remember?
Burning questions
. . . and only the bright spark firing up the Eighth Doctor's print adventures has all the answers!

Read *The Ancestor Cell* yet? I have. Blimey. Those of you who were hanging around outside your local branch of WH Smiths or Waterstones or whatever first thing in the morning on 3 July, waiting for them to open, will know what I mean. P'raps you threw a sickie at work that day, just so you could revel in the positively and absolutely final conclusion to the Faction Paradox/*Interference* arc, uninterrupted by middle managers and invoices and water-cooler speculation about the Wimbledon quarters. And you won't have been disappointed. You may have boggled, blustered, cheered, cried, sworn at the page or danced a jig around your bedroom, but you surely won't have been disappointed.

What *is* a little disappointing is the probability that a substantial proportion of you won't have a clue what I'm blathering on about – because, as the most fervent books fans are sick and tired of hearing, less than half of **Doctor Who Magazine**'s readership follow the novels on a regular basis. If that applies to you – sorry, but you're missing out. Really you are. Sure, some of them won't be to your taste – but then, plenty of you will be less than partial to, say, UNIT stories on TV, but I'll bet you've sat through *The Claws of Axos* all the same.

It's pretty incredible that three new adventures are released every month

Now, **DWM** will return to the ramifications of *The Ancestor Cell* in a few months' time, to give our overseas readers the chance to catch up without being 'spoilered'. In the meantime, the Eighth Doctor range starts out in a new direction with this month's *The Burning* – and I'm not going to apologise for selling it up. As you'll see from this issue's interview with author/range consultant Justin Richards, it marks a fresh start for the series – and if you're fearful that it might be too involved, too wrapped up in previous story arcs, don't be. You need to know about as much about the mythology of the books range to enjoy it as you need to know all about table manners on Peladon to enjoy *The Krotons* – ie, nothing at all. Why not give it a go?

You know, it's pretty incredible to think that this and every month, there are three new, full-length *Doctor Who* adventures released – two novels, one audio drama. The phrase 'You've never had it so good' leaps to mind – but I guess that maybe we've all got a bit blasé about the fact; it's tempting, I suppose, to think of the BBC Books or the Big Finish CDs as 'merchandise'. But they're not. They're *Doctor Who* stories every bit as valid and significant and real – not to mention as sinister and funny and dramatic – as *The Macra Terror* or *The Invasion of Time* or *The Caves of Androzani*. If you *want* them to be.

Of course, it's a cruel world driven by harsh commercial reality, and it's impossible to deny the fact that a CD and two books is going to be beyond the monthly budget of some of you (your super soaraway **DWM** being, of course, a purchase as essential as bread). Maybe you're going to have to pick and choose. Which is why, starting this issue, **DWM** will be running extensive previews of those new adventures – to help you make that choice, to whet the appetite, to get the senses tingling, just like the next week's listings in the *Radio Times* used to inspire generations of eager TV watchers. Forewarned is forearmed, and I refuse to believe that each and every **DWM** reader can't find something especially enticing about at least one of the three.

So what are you waiting for? The shops are open. Go get a slice of groovy new *Who*!

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Colin Baker's Doctor: "goes from strength to strength" on audio

IS IT A BIRD? IS IT A PLANE?

Mike Wilson's letter in **DWM** 292 condemning high-profile 'Super Fans' raised hackles . . .

As someone who has written two BBC *Doctor Who* books and is just starting out on their writing career (hopefully), I feel I must write in to comment on Mike Wilson's letter in **DWM** 292.

Mike says, "If I ever had the opportunity to participate in *Doctor Who* you can rest assured that I'd never for a moment forget how truly lucky I was."

This is exactly how I feel – it is a constant source of amazement, and reassurance, to realise that I've actually written *Doctor Who* books. When I'm feeling low or suffering from the "God, I'm crap" self-doubt common to all writers (if they're honest), a quick trip to Waterstone's to see *Dominion* on the shelf always cheers me up and reminds me that I've actually done it. This is always accompanied by feelings of humility and thanks for those at Virgin and the BBC who have given me this chance.

It's even better to know that people actually like my books (such as Suzanne Macey in the same issue). This is the true reward for the writer; after spending months hunched over the keyboard, to know that your story is out there and people are enjoying it. When I saw that *Dominion* was at No 4 in the 1999 **DWM** Top 10, I was truly moved, and felt that, despite all my self-doubt, I am actually quite good at this writing lark after all. I can't thank you – and all **DWM** readers – enough for this.

A sense of humility, rather than cynicism; respect for the reader; and the desire to always strive to be better, to improve, are in my view essential to a writer's psyche. I'm sure all good Who writers – including the 'Super Fans' Mike rails against (I see his point, but if you don't blow your own trumpet, no one else will!) – care passionately about what they write and about *Doctor Who*. Let's face it, without them *Doctor Who* would have a much lower profile than it currently enjoys.

Nick Walters
Bristol

In response to Mike Wilson's rant in **DWM** 292: what he seems to be forgetting is that without the so-called 'Super Fans' such as Gary Russell, Jac Rayner, Mark Gatiss and many others, *Doctor Who* would have long since died. Without the novels, comic strips or audios – which have been written and produced by those very fans whom Mr Wilson attacks – *Doctor Who* fans would, like the Likely Lads, have nothing to look forward to but the past. Of course the active fans deserve our praise – it's largely thanks to them that the rest of us still have something to talk about, and that the BBC still considers *Doctor Who* to be worth even the slightest attention. What has Mike Wilson ever contributed to fandom other than an overwritten letter "musing about some ridiculous drivel"?

Matt Michael
Leeds, West Yorkshire

Paul Trainer of Torquay adds: "Would he have asked 12 years ago why **DWM** was 'subjecting' him to quotes from Nathan-Turner, Cartmel, Aaronovitch *et al*? Surely it is appropriate that the current originators of new *Who* adventures, whether printed or audio, be given space in **DWM**. Why does their being fans make a difference?

"In the meantime, he might like to address some of the more crucial problems of fandom, such as that vexing Sara Kingdom question: was she an official companion of *Doctor Who*? Or just a casual bit of trade?"

TRAD RAD LAD FAD MAD [etc]

On the books front, the ongoing battle between Radicals and Traditionalists has provoked this response . . .

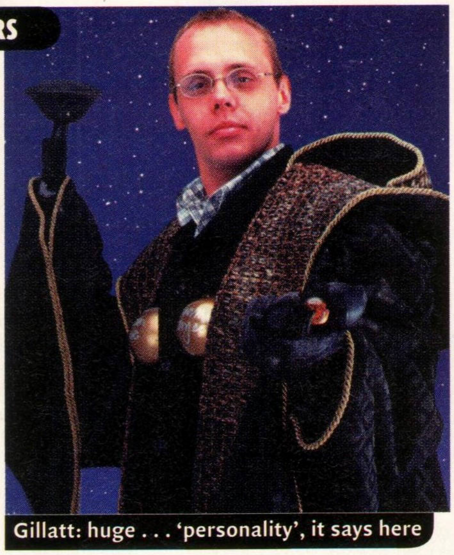
Have you got any idea how ridiculous this 'Trad' verses 'Rad' argument sounds to us younger fans? Being a mere 16 years old, I have had the benefit of growing up with the *New Adventures* as my only source of new *Who*. Perhaps this is why I find them to be equally important to either the TV show or the new audios.

You all sound like a bunch of grumpy old men, getting nostalgic about 'glory days' that never really existed. Start enjoying *Doctor Who* for everything it is, rather than worrying about what it isn't!

Stephen Searle
via e-mail

And talking of grumpy old men . . .

ONE OF MY PREDECESSORS



Gillatt: huge . . . 'personality', it says here

I should like to salute the outgoing editor of **Doctor Who Magazine**, Mr Gary Gillatt. And on behalf of all the fans he has made laugh, cry, steam with anger, write in about the diamond logo etc, I want to offer a huge thank you. With Gary at the helm the magazine has gone through many changes but never anything less than from strength to strength, giving us a magazine that makes us proud to be fans.

Not only has Gary's huge personality been evident through his editorials and the subtle touches worked into the magazine in general, he has also been a welcoming and friendly face on the convention circuit. I hope he continues to be involved, MCing, interviewing and displaying the ready wit always on show at such events, particularly in the bar! I wish him well in all his future endeavours.

Peter Rae
via e-mail

I would just like to add my voice to what will no doubt be a plethora of comments praising Gary Gillatt's work on **DWM** over the past five years. I started buying the magazine with issue 220, just three issues before Gary took over, so he has been almost entirely responsible for the **DWM** that I have come to know and love.

During the last five years **DWM** has constantly delivered new and interesting viewpoints and been the standard-bearer for fans and fandom, as well as spreading the word to new converts. Even in the bad times (which have been relatively few over recent years) have seemed slightly less bad in the company of this witty, intelligent and just plain good publication . . .

Paul Hayes
Clapham, West Sussex

While I feel that Gary Gillatt did a splendid job of editing **DWM** for the last five years, making it a far more accessible and intelligent read, I totally disagree with one of his comments in his final editorial. "The return of *Doctor Who* to TV . . . is no longer a question of 'if' but 'when?'. Soon, of course . . ."

To be honest, I can't think of anything worse than *Doctor Who* 'returning' to television. We must accept that it will never be brought back in its traditional form but will be modernised. All we can look forward to is an offering as dire as the TV Movie or worse. (Has anyone else read the storylines in *The Nth Doctor*?)

To my mind, *Doctor Who* **is** back and in the best shape he has ever been. When else in the programme's history did we have two new novels per month, frequent video and audio releases and, best of all, a brand new four-part adventure every month of the year.

Martin Edmonds
Plymouth, Devon

Which leads nicely into . . .

SEASON 27

You wouldn't guess how long I have waited to hear that Paul McGann would reprise his role as the Doctor for adventures on audio. I had hoped BBC Worldwide would have seen the potential when they released *Paradise of Death/Ghosts of N-Space* but no. I was grateful for the talking book of the TV Movie and the subsequent *Earth and Beyond* anthology tapes, but the longing for an audio play has never diminished. At long last we will be treated to new adventures of the Eighth Doctor where we don't have to rely solely on our imaginations to bring the stories to life. I am also pleased to see that two of the fan-produced Audio-Visuals scripts are being reworked. I enjoyed both *Sword of Orion* and *Minuet in Hell* and now wait with anticipation to see how both stories have been adapted to suit the Eighth Doctor's style.

Perhaps those nice people at Big Finish will arrange some publicity photos of Paul and cast in costume to accompany the CDs when they go on sale? Now that would be the icing on the cake!

The only dilemma I can envisage, for myself and perhaps others, is where they fit in to *Doctor Who*'s broad canon.

David Mitchell
Corby, Northants

How pleased I was to read that Paul McGann is recording four Big Finish plays! This is great news – although I love reading the Eighth Doctor novels it will be so nice to have these to look forward to as well. So, to Paul, a big thank you!

Now, what about making some Eighth Doctor videos to go straight into the shops – no messing about with television schedules or ratings!

Mrs Chris Webb
Rochford, Essex

Andy Armstrong, via e-mail, commented: "What great news that Paul McGann has decided to join Big Finish. Let us all hope that Tom Baker will join as well!"

And reader **Joe Boswell**, writing via e-mail, said: "So the Big Finish audios are 'stuck in the past' are they? Well he's back, and it's about time!"

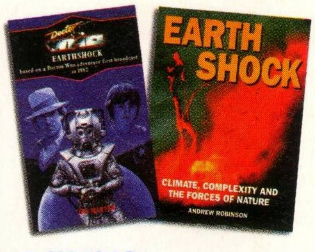
And, to conclude . . .

I have just finished listening to *The Spectre Of Lanyon Moor*. This is the Sixth Doctor we should have seen on television, unhampered by a ridiculous costume, given excellent storylines, and one of the best companions in the history of the programme! Colin really has had the best scripts of the audio series so far and goes from strength to strength . . .

What fantastic news for fans to know that Paul McGann is to reprise his role as the Eighth Doctor! If Big Finish can do for him what they have achieved for Colin Baker, then surely the BBC will reconsider bringing the good Doctor back to the screen big or small? I just hope that the new audio adventures can capture the atmosphere of the TV Movie without the blandness of the script, but if recent releases are anything to go by, I'm sure they will.

In fact, this line of thought leads me to a dilemma! If the return of the TV programme were to mean the death knell for Big Finish, which would I rather keep? Long live Big Finish!

John A Collins
via e-mail



A SIDEBAR NAMED DESIRE

Further to recent correspondence regarding books which share their titles with *Doctor Who* stories (**DWM** 291) **Mark Campbell** of London has discovered Thames & Hudson's text book of 'global environmental change' by Andrew Robinson called *Earthshock*. Mark opines "Unfortunately, although I have scoured the index for references to Adric, Cybermen, Warp Drive or even plain old-fashioned dinosaurs, none have been forthcoming".

On the same subject reader **Terry Francis** (who feels the need to sign off his e-mail with "vworp vworp for now") has been rummaging through the second-hand book shops of Southsea (*en route* to see *The Web of Fear* stage play) to find *The Tenth Planet* by Edmund Cooper (also the author of a book called *Transit*), *Inferno* by Larry Niven & Jerry Pournelle and *Reign of Terror* edited by Michel Parry.

Meanwhile, **Nick Moore**, via e-mail, wonders if any other readers have come across places (towns, streets etc) named after things which appeared in *Doctor Who*. "Every morning on my way to school I pass Auton Terrace and Auton Style. After I first saw *Terror of the Autons* in 1992 I was unable to walk past them unless an adult was with me! I still steer well clear of the flowers planted in the front lawns (especially the daffodils)."

Knowing the Nestene's penchant for clothing stores we're surprised that Auton Style isn't the name of one of their shops. So if any of you know of an Enlightenment Drive, a Yartek Avenue or – better still – a Jackie Lane or an Eileen Way, then you know what to do . . .

Justin Richards

Set the controls for the heart of the sun

The Eighth Doctor novels are changing direction with August's *The Burning* – and the man plotting their new course is author-turned-editor Justin Richards. Alan Barnes asks why he's reset the co-ordinates . . .

DWM What led to you taking over responsibility for the BBC Books range from Stephen Cole?

Justin Richards Steve had changed jobs at the BBC, but they'd kept him on to do the *Doctor Who* stuff in his spare time, basically. Round about April last year, he'd had enough of doing the 'past Doctor adventures', the PDAs. They seemed like the easiest thing to give up; the EDAs – the Eighth Doctor adventures – are more involved because you've got a whole load of storylines running through them. So just after I'd done *Millennium Shock*, which was an interesting experience – it was, "Write us a book in four weeks," and then, two weeks later, "Oh, did we say four weeks? We meant three and a half" – just after that, I suppose because he thought I'd be happy to do anything other than write another book, Steve rang up and said, "Do you want to do the PDAs?" The case was, he could only escape once he'd found someone to take his place – just like script editors in the old days!

So when Steve left the BBC in October last year, I was informed that I could pick up the EDAs . . .

What qualified you for the job?

I guess Steve asked me because he knew I had some background in editing as well as writing – the most obviously relevant experience on the non-fiction side being doing fanzines like *In-Vision*, *The Black and White Guardian* and other bits and pieces. And on the fiction side, the two *Decalogs* Andy Lane and I edited for Virgin. Short stories are an interesting editing experience – much harder, I think, to edit a collection of short stories than a series of novels. You're dealing with far more variables.

Beyond that, I worked at IBM for 14 years – I started off there as a technical writer and pretty soon was in charge of managing a group of writers on various projects. That was a good grounding in editorial and managerial work – we produced the first integrated on-line help system for a PC, which I actually have a patent for in my name. I've actually got about half-a-dozen patents!

So I didn't just walk into the job as a budding writer – I had a lot of experience in the publishing industry before that. IBM is the world's second largest publisher – the world's largest being, of course, the US Government.

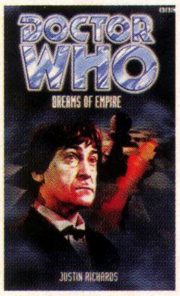
And you're a mad *Doctor Who* fan, of course?

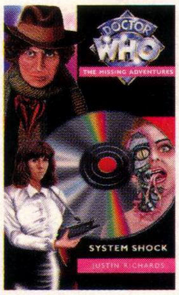
In equal proportions mad and a *Doctor Who* fan, yeah – and always have been. Like so many others, I grew up with the programme – I was two when it started. Actually, I was a Dalek fan before I was a *Doctor Who* fan – it upset me when they didn't win!

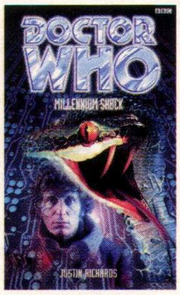
There was some exhibition in London in the mid-60s which was mentioned on *Blue Peter*. My parents took me down to this exhibition and there were queues round the block – half-a-mile round the block and two hours' waiting – so we went to the Science Museum instead. [sarcastically] Wow. I was really thrilled. My Mum wrote to *Blue Peter* and complained – something like, "As soon as you mentioned it, it was hugely popular and they weren't able to cope, and maybe something should be done" – and someone, the producer I guess, wrote back and said, "I'm terribly sorry. Perhaps you'd like to come and see *Doctor Who* being recorded instead?" And so me and my younger brother and my Mum and my uncle went to Lime Grove and saw the rehearsals for part three, I think, of *The Web of Fear*. Met Patrick Troughton. Got a kiss from Deborah Watling – I haven't washed since, obviously. It was fascinating. Patrick Troughton showed me his braces, which were red with little gold bits embroidered on them, which he said his mother had done for him. That was a terrific day. That really cemented my relationship with *Doctor Who*. It could have destroyed it entirely – none of the Yeti were dressed up, just these blokes wandering about . . .

As soon as I could write, I was writing *Doctor Who* stories. I sent in a script based on the *Radio Times* competition for *Day of the Daleks* – a script that we were going to do as a school play – to [script editor] Terrance Dicks in 1972. I didn't hear back for months and months and eventually got a letter back from [producer] Barry Letts saying how wonderful it was. A while back, I mentioned this to Terrance, who said, "Ah yes. You'll have heard back from Barry because he was the nice, kind one who liked to respond to these idiots!"

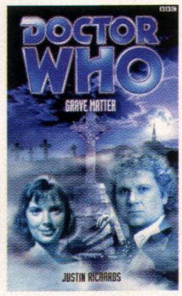
'How do we move the books on? We lose all that baggage from the past. Clear the decks!'

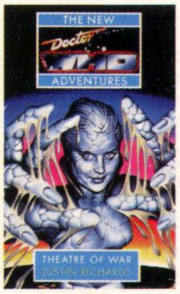


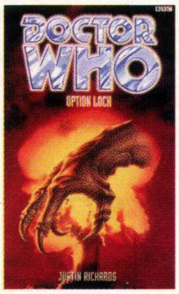


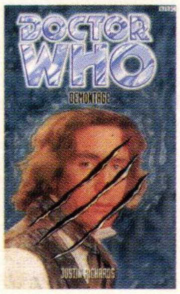


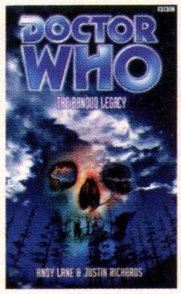
DOCTOR WHO
THE MISSING ADVENTURES
THE SANDS OF TIME
JUSTIN RICHARDS

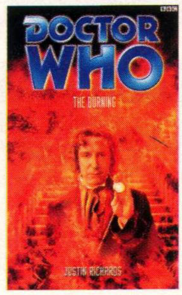












Photos: BBC Video [6] BBC [1] Hammer Films [1]

So when did you start writing 'grown up' *Doctor Who* stories?

The first things I remember writing for fanzines were some *Blake's 7* short stories for *Frontier Worlds* and a *Doctor Who* one, which had the Brigadier being sent to the Village – you know, from *The Prisoner*.

As you get older, there's a point at which your fascination with the fantasy aspects of the programme, creating your own worlds and stories, gives way to a fascination with how it was done – and I became more interested in the technical side. For a while I wanted to be an actor. I did a degree in Theatre . . .

. . . which is how your first *New Adventures* novel, *Theatre of War*, came about?

Write about what you know, absolutely!

***Theatre of War* is about the rediscovery of a long-lost holographic play. Was this a comment on *Doctor Who*'s own missing episodes?**

Brace yourself: Pat Troughton plus his Mum's embroidery. *The Power of the Daleks*

The book gained a bit of mystique because *The Tomb of the Cybermen* turned up round about then, and people said, 'He's writing about *Tomb*' – which wasn't true at all. In fact, I was starting from *Love's Labours Won* – you know, Shakespeare's famous lost play. I pitched it to [editor] Peter Darvill-Evans at Virgin before Benny Summerfield became a companion, but she fitted nicely because the plot involved an archaeological dig. I've heard people tell me since that your first submission is always rejected; well, mine was *Theatre of War*, and it was accepted. The only change I was asked to make was to fit it in with the end of [preceding novel] *Legacy*, where Benny had gone off with the Ice Warriors. To facilitate that, I invented the Braxiatel Collection, as a way to get her involved with the dig. It was a minor thing – just a library she went to to do some research. I just though it was such a wonderful name, mentioned in passing in *City of Death* – what is the Braxiatel Collection? It was only when I was writing it I thought it must be run by someone called Braxiatel . . .

Braxiatel is a recurring presence in the books – and it's been suggested that he might just be the Doctor's brother, too . . .

The perfect couple? Harry Sullivan and Sarah Jane Smith in *Revenge of the Cybermen*

In [later Bernice New Adventure] *Tears of the Oracle* it's pretty explicit that he's the Doctor's brother. In *Theatre of War* I had no idea – he's somebody from the Doctor's past, probably a Time Lord, and the Doctor didn't really want to meet him because he felt that in the past, this guy had got the better of him. It's like Mycroft Holmes – he just sits around with his collection of stuff until he can be bothered to go out. When I sat down to really think about it, because [fellow NA writer] Paul Cornell had asked me for a bit of background, I decided that he was the Doctor's elder brother, and the person whom the Doctor had always tried to emulate – and in a sense had rebelled against as well: he was the guy who went through the Academy, did everything by the book, got top marks in absolutely everything and, because of that, was able to have himself sent out as a Time Lord ambassador or whatever, before the Time Lords really did that sort of thing. So he was now doing the top job which the Doctor always wanted to do, partly through a sort of sibling hero-worship . . . but the Doctor knows he's not quite up to getting top grades, so he has to rebel and do it the other way.

'Virgin didn't want Harry and Sarah married. I still think it would have been a nice twist'

Did working at IBM bring about your next novel, *System Shock* – and its malevolent computer virus?

You can spot things coming early in that sort of industry, if you're involved. Things about *System Shock* or *Millennium Shock* which surprised me in their predictiveness were the political side of things – just after the book was finished MI5 was given jurisdiction over computer crime, for example, which was something I'd assumed would happen by 1998. There were a couple of others which were really weird. I don't know if you remember, but everything was called 'something-Net'. The Army had an integrated networking system which was converted by the aliens, called 'BattleNet'. Just after the book came out the British Army announced they were developing an integrated battlefield networking system that they were calling 'BattleNet'!

They got the contracts changed at Virgin, actually – I got an impassioned call one afternoon from Rebecca Levene because the Managing Director or something had heard they were doing *System Shock*, and wanted to be sure that it didn't contravene the Official Secrets Act in any way! On the next contract I had, I noticed that they'd inserted a clause effectively saying, 'And if we've contravened the Official Secrets Act it's entirely the author's fault and nothing to do with us, guv!' Which I'm sure was do with that – I had to explain that everything was public domain, so far as I was aware.

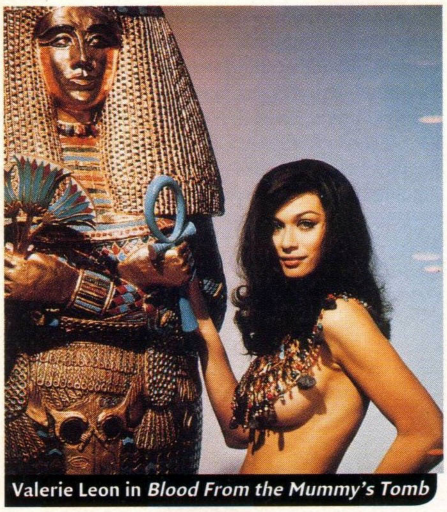
Why pick up with former companion Harry Sullivan – now in his late 40s?

That was picking up really on [Harry actor] Ian Marter's book, *Harry Sullivan's War* – where he moves into MI5, doing some sort of personnel job. He's always wanted to be a sort of James Bond – and now he can be, he's getting a bit long in the tooth. There's a scene at the end when both the older Sarah and Harry meet in a restaurant. There were two things I wanted to do there. One was to have the pen, with the evil creature still inside it, because it was always in my mind that there was a sequel possible, and I wanted to leave the way open for it. The other thing was, I wanted to have it turn out that Sarah says she's been away for a bit because she knows the reason she's been away is because she's actually married to Harry, and couldn't afford to give him any clues about what happened in her past, or his present. But Rebecca [Levene, Virgin editor] didn't want Harry and Sarah married, I guess because it might have affected things for other writers later. I still think it would have been a nice twist – that Harry goes through the whole book working with a young version of his own wife and *he can't tell her!* And equally, in the restaurant at the end, that she's known all their married life that this is going to happen, and that it's going to come to this point – and only now can they talk about it.

Next came another *Missing Adventure, The Sands of Time* – in which Sutekh's wife attempts to reincarnate herself through Nyssa. Er, ever read Bram Stoker's *The Jewel of Seven Stars*?

[laughs] It was less of an influence than *Blood From the Mummy's Tomb*, which was the Hammer version of it. *Blood From the Mummy's Tomb* is brilliant. The great thing about being a writer is doing research, and research is great excuse to go out and buy all those things you've wanted to buy or to spend time actually watching. So yes, a laserdisc set of the complete Universal Mummy movies – I went and got it. Watched 'em all. In about two nights. Made notes, said, "That's a brilliant bit, I'm going to do that." It was a sort of 'Greatest Hits' in that sense. So there's the bit with the mummy walking into the river, carrying the girl; ageing to death in the divine winds that blow you away, that sort of thing. Opening the tomb, of course.

The other thing I discovered when I was writing it, which I should have realised before, is that it's very difficult to write for large, impressive-looking silent villains because there are only so many ways you can say, "The gigantic mummy lumbered heavily toward the Doctor" – it gets a bit boring!



Valerie Leon in *Blood From the Mummy's Tomb*

Your first BBC PDA was *Dreams of Empire* . . .

I like *Dreams of Empire*. Troughton is my favourite Doctor. Very difficult to write for. The starting point for that was a documentary about Julius Caesar on Channel 4. [Fellow author] Craig Hinton rang me up in the middle and said, "You watching this thing about Caesar? Boring, isn't it?" I said, "Yes, but what would have happened if . . ." – and the thing I thought was, what if Caesar had lost to Pompey? What would they have done? Maybe they'd have locked him up, like Napoleon. And that's where I started from. It sort of builds on the Roman analogy. There's a similar sort of Republic-Empire tension. I think it's one of my better books, although it was less well-received in many ways . . .

Most of my books are about somebody who is acting; in *Dreams of Empire* it's apparent by the end that just about everybody is putting on an act.

More recently, *Grave Matter* was an incredibly gory piece . . .

Well, it is a Sixth Doctor story! The outline kept saying, "Well, this *is* a Sixth Doctor story . . ." It wasn't quite so gory originally – at first it was about microscopic nanites. An experiment had gone wrong and because the nanites didn't know when a body was dead they just carried on repairing it, trying to get it going again. Steve said, "Sounds a bit like *Beltempest* to me." So I thought, 'Fair enough – but if it's not nanites, what else? I know, it's a DNA computer.' When I sat down and worked out logically how this alien substance might work, the whole idea of having to hack bits off this guy to breed new material seemed quite good.

It's another pastiche, in that sense – it's *The Plague of the Zombies*, it's all those isolated communities in zombie horror films. And *The Birds*, too. The outline read, "At this point Peri escapes to the loft. Obviously, she's never seen *The Birds* and doesn't know what's going to happen next!"

Why haven't you written for either the First or the Third Doctors?

The First Doctor interests me less, partly because stories go on around him – he's not so pivotal. Certainly by the time you get to the Eighth Doctor my feeling is the Doctor is the central character – he's who it's about; he is the most dynamic, interesting, assertive, dominating and potentially the most dangerous character in the book. With the First Doctor you never got that – he is sort-of incidental, and it's the companions who make the running. Certainly in the first series, it's Ian and Barbara's story – it's about how they cope with this fantastic situation . . .

So if I ever had a story I wasn't sure was a *Doctor Who* story, the First Doctor is the one I'd do it for!

Third Doctor, though – big hero. I've got an idea for one which I never get anywhere with . . .

You said that *Millennium Shock* was written in just three and a half weeks. How exactly do you write an 80,000 word novel in 24 days?

Discipline. Someone said – I forget who – "Writer's block is nature's way of telling you you're not a writer." It's partly through having to write to deadlines as a technical writer – you just have to sit there and get on with it, nine to five. It's having the willpower to get something down on paper. And when you've got something, you can rewrite it – because rewriting is much easier than writing. If I need to write 8,000 words a day, I'll do it – because if you only write 7,000, you've got to do 9,000 tomorrow, or 11,000 the day after . . . it doesn't work. It's willpower. It's discipline, it's scheduling, it's perspiration. It's extremely loud Jim Steinman music, quite often!

I spec everything out in great detail before I start. I have an outline typically one-tenth of the length of the book. So you're expanding everything ten times.

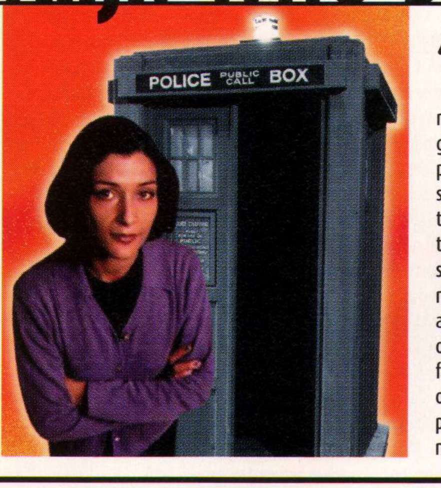
What did you want to bring to the Eighth Doctor's prose adventures with *Option Lock*?

To recreate in prose the fluidity and style of the opening section of the TV Movie, where everything leads into everything else. In the first draft of *Option Lock* every section ended on an image or a phrase which was picked up at the beginning of the next

'Having to live with – or live up to – what happened in *Interference* is a real challenge'

***The Monster of Peladon*: Sarah and the Doctor just hours away from Metebelis III – or Dust?**

Anji: who she?



"Anyone suddenly thrown off into space is going to be out of their depth. The new companion, Anji, who we've got coming in, is someone very professional, very good at the job she does – she's 27, 28 and something in the City and absolutely the tops at what she does – and yet suddenly she's in a situation where none of those skills matter, and it's all completely over her head. She's out of her depth not through any fault or lack of intelligence of her own – it's something she's completely untrained in, an environment she's no idea how to influence. Very much how we'd really be if that happened to us – if you woke up one morning and found yourself on an alien planet, God knows what you'd do. You wouldn't have a clue. I'd probably go to pieces [laughs].

"The brief I gave Colin Brake – who's writing Anji's introductory story, *Escape Velocity* – was pretty much what I've just told you. She's got skills that aren't directly related to what she's going to be doing – if she was in the SAS or something, it'd be obvious how that would relate to the sort of adventures she's going to be having. But if she's got a head for numbers, or can predict how economies are going to rise and fall, then that's more interesting to play with in a different sort of way. So that's what I gave Colin. He came up with the background for her – an Asian Englishwoman – and also a wacky brother who's into UFOs and stuff, which she has no time for at all.

"Since we announced she'd be coming in, a couple of people have asked if she's based on Milly in *This Life* [pictured]. I've never watched *This Life* – well, not more than 10 minutes at a time. I asked Colin and he said, 'I've never seen it. I haven't got a clue!' However you build them, companions have to be an archetype to some degree – so it wouldn't be a surprise if there was some contemporary resonance . . ."

one. Some of them were a bit forced and it got a bit much; some of them are still there, but most of them got trimmed out. I wanted the whole thing to feel organic – that it just kept going, that one thing led inexorably to the next . . .

That, of all the books I've written, changed the most between the original outline and the book I wrote; originally, it was going to be the first Eighth Doctor story after *The Eight Doctors*, but it got shelved – it explained why he was half-human, all that sort of thing. It was much more to do with alchemy and less to do with aliens. It was also a werewolf story, but it got rescheduled to come after *Kursaal*, so the werewolves went. There's a couple of bits where you see images of people and they look like they've got horns, and they're turning into demons; originally, they were werewolves.

The other idea which fascinated me was the pictures; you've got these pictures of the garden and there's something wrong with them – which was something I expanded on in *Demontage*.

Demontage is quite a light one: it either works for people or it doesn't. Some people think it's the best one, others think it's a bit inconsequential. I veer towards the inconsequential, I think!

It's Fitz's book, isn't it?

Fitz reminds me of Danny Wilde in *The Persuaders!*. Except without the money, but he's that sort of character – he's in a situation where he's being asked to be a bit more than he really is.

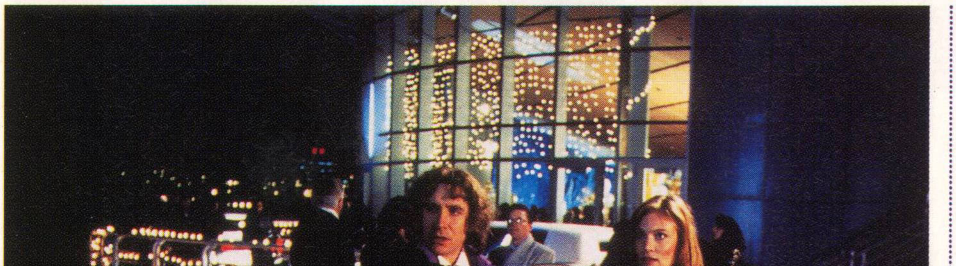
Now you're in charge of the EDAs, will ongoing story arcs – or soap opera elements, as some people have said – remain an essential part of the range?

I think 'story arc' is a horrible phrase. The last 'story arc' [grimaces] we've had, with Compassion developing, has essentially been about character – not just how Compassion changes, but how the attitudes of the characters around her change too.

Steve had planned up as far as what happened to Compassion, but he didn't know what happened after that. I wrote a document which said, "We need to resolve the left-over bits from *Interference*, and it gives us a way of kicking off in a new direction." I was spurred on partly by the interview with [*Interference* author] Lawrence Miles in **DWM** – I thought it was ironic how he talked about needing a future mythology, rather than relying on the past all the time. It struck me that the author who raids the past most, even though he subverts it and changes it, is actually Lawrence. Now, the PDAs are great for that – but for the Eighth Doctor range, how do we move on? The other thing at the back of my mind is that sooner or later there may well be a new series – and – as I would, given the chance – they'll probably want to go back to basics and say, 'There's a funny man in a Police Box and, er, that's it . . .' In a line of ongoing books, an existing franchise, you can't do that – but how close can you get?

The other thing I don't like is we have so much baggage. The things that we do reuse from the past are so much less impressive these days because we know so much about them. In *Silver Nemesis*, there never is a big revelation about the Doctor's past because there's nothing left to reveal. There's nothing we could learn about him now which would make us go, 'Ooh!' – only, 'Oh. So what?' The same goes for bringing the Cybermen back – you throw a bit of gold at them, and that's fine. They're nothing like as impressive as they used to be – but if we could get away from that, if we could lose all that baggage and sort of reset, in narrative terms, that would be a great help. Clear the decks.

'The Eighth Doctor is the most dynamic, interesting, assertive and dangerous character of all'



Leader of the pack: the "dynamic, assertive, dominating" Eighth Doctor. With a bike

I'm also a great believer in the idea that a hero is defined by the quality of his opponents. The more impressive the villain, the better the hero has to be to defeat him. I don't believe the Seventh Doctor has to be that clever to win in *Silver Nemesis* compared to the Second Doctor in *The Tomb of the Cybermen*.

So . . . in the upcoming EDAs, the Doctor loses his memory. If he meets the Cybermen now, it's like he'll be meeting them for the first time. And there's some irony to be had in the fact that we know they're allergic to gold – but if *he* never finds that fact out, then they're as great and as powerful as they were before.

Will the Doctor ever get his memory back at the end of the arc?

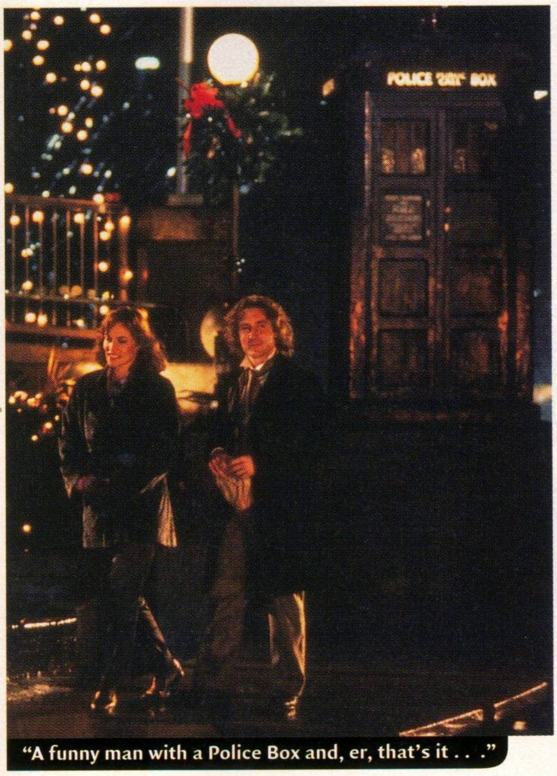
He will relearn things, and certain memories may be triggered off by things that happen. We'll

20th century fox: troubled times ahead for the Doctor on a small blue planet

have to wait and see. But the 'stuck on Earth' arc beginning in *The Burning* is not an arc at all. It's like Season Seven, a series of stories which have a related theme – they're not just a series of stories set on Earth, there's very definitely a feel of war which comes through. Less so in *The Burning*, I guess – although you have soldiers in there, they're up against something which they're not equipped to fight. Steve Emmerson's *Casualties of War* looks at the suffering caused by the First World War, how ordinary, everyday people had to cope with it – and also the effects on a village community of having a whole generation wiped out. It looks forward, in that sense, to the flu epidemic of 1918-19, which killed more people than the Great War did. From that we go to *The Turing Test*, by Paul Leonard, which is set during the closing stages of the Second World War. The theme there is people caught up in a war which is not their own – like the Doctor, for example. Terrance Dicks' *Endgame* is about the Cold War; Lance Parkin's *Father Time* has a war between worlds; and Colin Brake's *Escape Velocity* is an invasion-of-Earth story.

War is an interesting time – it's where character and emotion and endeavour come to the fore, for all sorts of reasons. Innovation, as well – it's like history speeds up out of necessity.

I'm bound to ask the new editor what he made of *Interference*, which has easily been the most controversial of the novels ever published . . .



"A funny man with a Police Box and, er, that's it . . ."

I think it's a 'love-it-or-hate-it' book. Having said that, I have mixed feelings about it myself. I'm sure it upset a few people, but equally it's a very neat and clever thing. To my mind, it's a little undisciplined – it needs reining in. Having to live with, or live up to, what happened in *Interference* is a challenge. It's a good thing to have done.

How do you judge what readers will want from the range? Is it possible to take a step too far?

The readership is teenage and above. Everything you write has to be accessible to a teenage audience – by which I mean 15 and up. Was it Robert Holmes who used to say he wrote for 'the intelligent 14 year-old'? That's probably fine. So no overt swearing, no overt drug abuse – that sort of thing – I think is important, because the Doctor is a role model. And even if it's not the Doctor doing these things, you've got to be careful what happens in the books in terms of what you're portraying as acceptable behaviour. I think the Virgin books pitched it slightly higher, certainly in terms of swearing – and possibly drug abuse and sex as well – than I feel is quite right. We're the BBC; it's behoven to us to maintain the integrity of the product – and I think that's fine. I don't think they're restrictions which an author shouldn't be able to work with. I think it's possible to do an awful lot within those restrictions.

The books sell less than half as many copies as DWM. Why aren't more fans reading the novels?

Following the books is a huge investment in time. I haven't read all the books. I've read all the ones I've worked on, obviously! To get back to your question about arcs and progression, I think we have to make it easier for people to pick and choose. I think a lot of people won't buy an Eighth Doctor book because they think they have to buy them all. And that shouldn't be the case. Some people may feel they've missed the boat, and they can't start in the middle. You should be able to start at any point, and either read them in order, or mix and match. Pick up the ones you want.

Over the last year or so, we've come to label various of the books as either 'radical' or 'traditional'. Is this a helpful distinction?

No, I don't think so. There's a place for both. The programme itself was always both, at different times. I like a mixture – a mixture of topics and themes and settings and characters as well as story. Something like *Tomb of Valdemar* plays around with the narrative construction, but it's actually a very traditional story – the way it is told is everything. That's a good thing. *Verdigris*, for example, is the flip side of the coin: it's very traditionally told, but the story itself experiments very much with the structure and dynamic and the ethos of what is *Doctor Who* in the Pertwee era.

What is a uniquely *Doctor Who* idea?

It's very difficult to say. An idea stops being *Doctor Who* when it's too ordinary. I wouldn't like to say, 'If you could do it on *Star Trek* it's not *Doctor Who*,' because there is some overlap, but it's a bit like that. If this could be a *Tomorrow People* story, then you're missing something. *Doctor Who* is, to my mind, special. It has something extra about it – but it's not always the same thing extra. It's always been to do with the care and attention and appreciation and love of the people involved doing it, and when you lose that, when it becomes just another show or series of books or whatever, and you're churning them out – once that happens, then you've lost it.

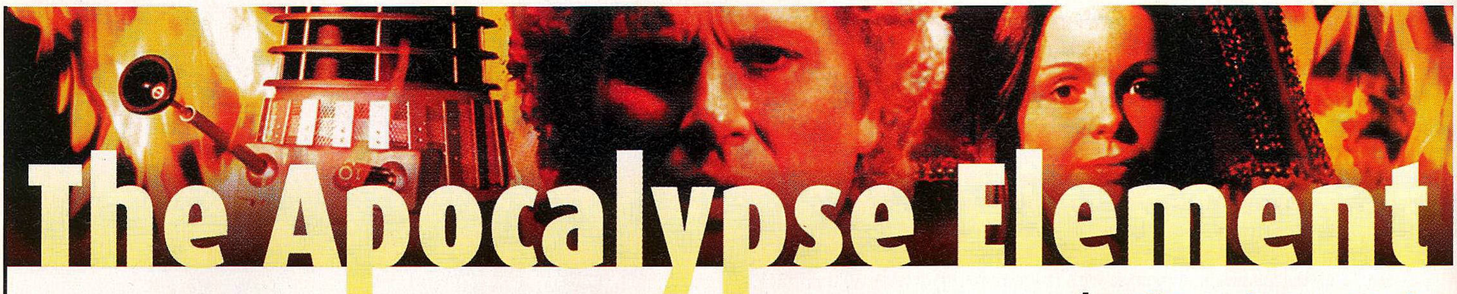
What's so special about *The Burning*?

The Burning is really the only book I've commissioned from myself – *The Banquo Legacy* being a bit of a panic. I thought, "This is important, this book," so I gave myself a long time to write it – and, lo and behold, I had to write half of *The Banquo Legacy* in the middle of it!

I'm pleased with the way it's turned out. It does most of the things I set out to do, I think. The main thing for *The Burning* was the character of the Doctor; the challenge is to get everything else to echo the character of the Doctor. When you first meet the villain, you think he *is* the Doctor – I hope. The villain is the flipside of the hero, and very much able to put his finger on what the Doctor's problem is towards the end. He's also striving to recapture the past – he doesn't care what happens in the future. Whereas the Doctor is desperate to know what happened in the past, but he's learning that what he wants to do is look to the future – and the past is something he wants to leave behind.

Does that sentiment apply equally to the book ranges?

I think that's probably true. Setting out to recapture the past without trying to build on it is probably a mistake. **DWM**



The Apocalypse Element

by Stephen Cole

Featuring The Sixth Doctor, Romana & Evelyn Smythe
Enemies Daleks. Lots of them. Enough said?
Setting The planets Archetryx, Etra Prime and Gallifrey – after *The Trial of a Time Lord,* and some considerable time after *Warriors' Gate*
You'll like this if you like *Deep Impact, The Invasion of Time,* the Daleks scheming and being evil
Listen out for A very special reunion in the Gravity Wells . . .

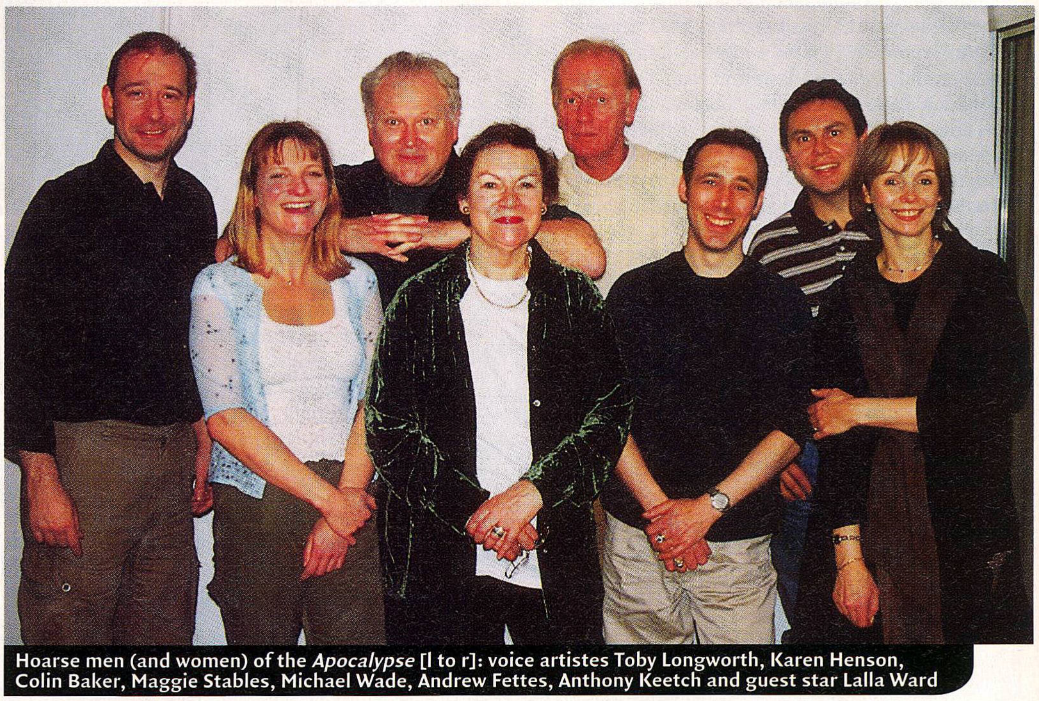
The Doctor Colin Baker
Romana Lalla Ward
Evelyn Smythe Maggie Stables
The President Michael Wade
Coordinator Vansell Anthony Keetch
Commander Reldath Andrew Fettes
Monitor Trinkett Karen Henson
Security Officer Ensac James Campbell
Commander Vorna Andrea Newland
Monan Host Toby Longworth
Dalek voices Nicholas Briggs & Alistair Lock

Incidental music Nicholas Briggs
Producers Gary Russell & Jason Haigh-Ellery
Director Nicholas Briggs

Twenty of the greatest powers in space-time have sent delegates to a temporal conference on Archetryx. The Daleks have *not* been invited – but they're about to gatecrash the planet's defences in a very big way. Meanwhile, two unregistered delegates have already arrived in a battered old Police Box. The Doctor soon runs into some familiar Gallifreyans – and learns that 20 years earlier, the ancient planetoid of Etra Prime disappeared completely from known space-time, together with the newly chosen Gallifreyan President. Her name? Romanadvoratrelundar . . .

The emergence of the Daleks is not unconnected to the mystery of Romana's disappearance. But when the scheming Skaroans have concluded their business on Archetryx, they have another planet in their sights: Gallifrey itself. Who is the Dalek agent on Archetryx? Can the Doctor and Romana join forces again? What is the dreaded Apocalypse Element? And can anyone stop the Daleks from unleashing their most destructive, mind-bogglingly immense scheme yet?

This second story in Big Finish Productions' loosely-linked *Dalek Empire* sequence is also the second audio drama penned by former BBC Books range editor Stephen Cole. He says of this ambitious tale of invasion, enslavement and unsurpassed weaponry: "As soon as I learned I was writing for the Daleks I wanted something big. When you've got the Daleks invading Gallifrey, you can't do things by halves, can you?"

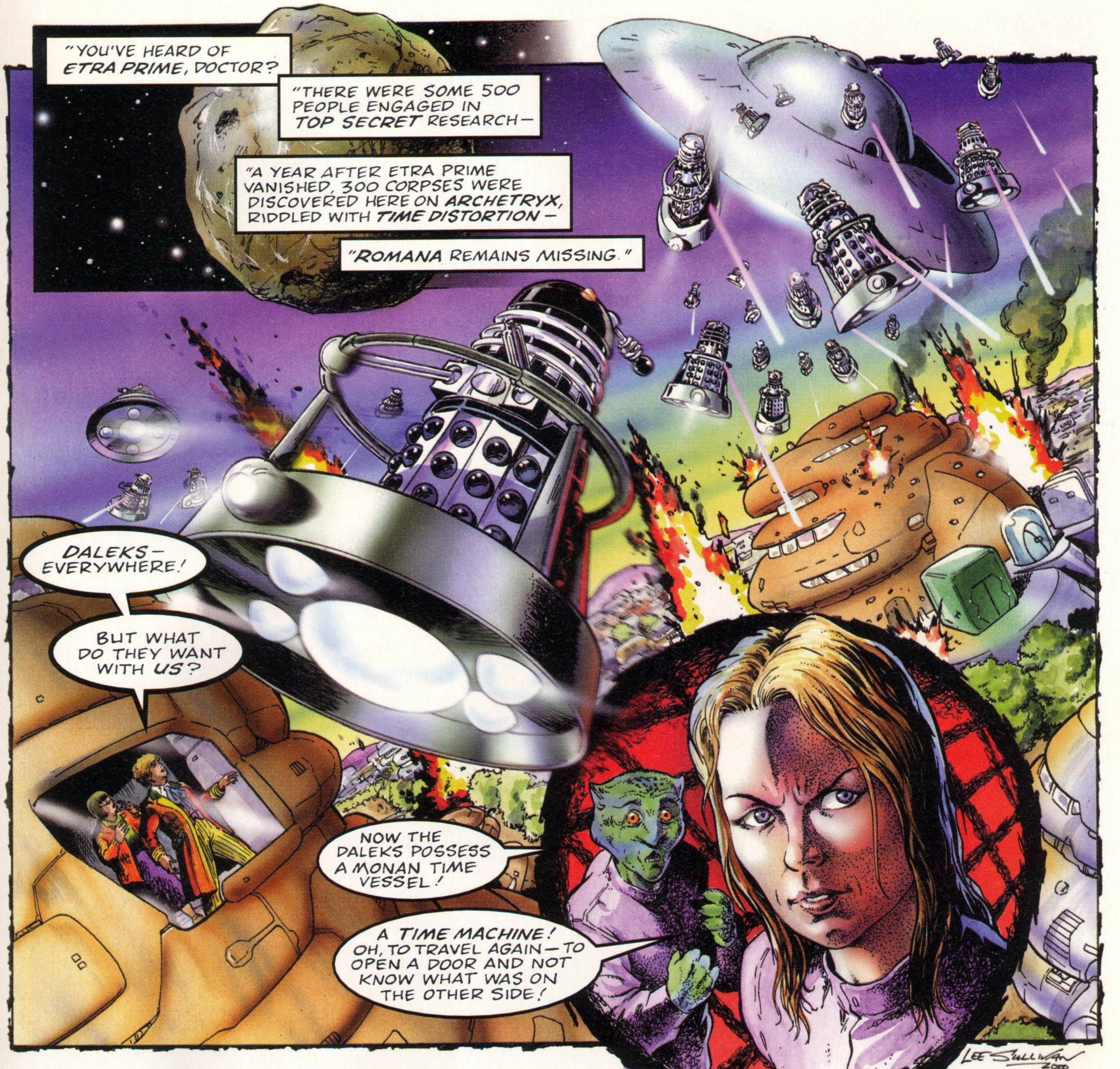


Hoarse men (and women) of the *Apocalypse* [l to r]: voice artistes Toby Longworth, Karen Henson, Colin Baker, Maggie Stables, Michael Wade, Andrew Fettes, Anthony Keetch and guest star Lalla Ward

Destiny of the Daleks: Romana's *first* encounter with Skaro's worst

The familiar elements involved – Romana, Gallifrey, the Daleks and some characters previously met by the Sixth Doctor in Big Finish's debut *The Sirens of Time* – were all handed to Cole as part of the brief given by producer Gary Russell. "It was a bit like being handed a shopping list," the writer recalls, "but I soon found myself enjoying the challenge of taking so many strong elements and making something new."

Having already demonstrated in April's *The Genocide Machine* that they can produce compelling drama featuring the Daleks, Big Finish's big coup on this occasion was to have Lalla Ward return to act as Romana, alongside the Doctor for the first time in 19 years. "Lalla was in the scripts from the start," confirms Cole, "though it wasn't always certain we'd have her, but Gary said he wasn't going to recast the part. So I was a very nervous boy over the New Year at the thought of rewrites, since I'd made her the focus of the entire piece . . ." Luckily, come the recordings over the weekend of 26 and 27 February, Lalla Ward was not only present but, according to Cole, "absolutely stunning. She was teasing me about her lines but then really giving it her all . . ."


"YOU'VE HEARD OF ETRA PRIME, DOCTOR?
"THERE WERE SOME 500 PEOPLE ENGAGED IN TOP SECRET RESEARCH—
"A YEAR AFTER ETRA PRIME VANISHED, 300 CORPSES WERE DISCOVERED HERE ON ARCHETRYX, RIDDLED WITH TIME DISTORTION—
"ROMANA REMAINS MISSING."
DALEKS— EVERYWHERE!
BUT WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH US?
NOW THE DALEKS POSSESS A MONAN TIME VESSEL!
A TIME MACHINE! OH, TO TRAVEL AGAIN—TO OPEN A DOOR AND NOT KNOW WHAT WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE!
LEE SULLIVAN 2000

Coincidentally, President Romana – an office the former TARDIS traveller has held in various Virgin and BBC Books novels – also features on Gallifrey in July's *The Ancestor Cell*, the arc-concluding novel by none other than Stephen Cole and Peter Anghelides. For anyone not keeping pace with the books, fear not: there's nothing unfamiliar about the Romana we meet in *The Apocalypse Element*. But she has been living a monotonous, harsh life for 20 years – ever since Etra Prime vanished.

According to Cole: "*The Ancestor Cell* was commissioned first. My heart sank when Gary Russell said he wanted my play set on Gallifrey" – as opposed to *The Daleks' Master Plan* setting of Kembel, which the first draft of *Apocalypse* had used. "But," he admits, "the coincidence had its advantages – I was subtly able to hark back to *Apocalypse* in *Ancestor Cell*, and lay elements of Romana's *Cell* motivation in *Apocalypse*. It adds another layer to both, which I found pleasing."

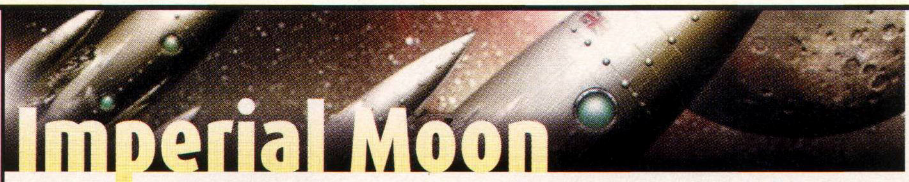
Surprisingly, then, Cole is no fan of most stories set on the Time Lord's home planet: "I hate Gallifrey stories, and yet there I was writing a play swiftly followed by a book set there! At least in non-visual media like books and audio, you can try to capture the colossal spectacle needed to convey their sense of power. All the more vital when a powerful enemy like the Daleks wants to bring it all toppling down!"

Of the attack which dramatically raises the stakes during *Apocalypse*, Cole carefully hints: "I didn't want them invading the planet for the sake of it, so there had to be a big reason for them wanting to do so." But he admits that his ambitions did initially perplex Russell and director Nick Briggs, despite all their experience and commitment to strong Dalek stories on an epic canvas. "There were several concerns as to how to translate the scale of the settings and confrontations on to audio – much of the first draft was sent back saying, 'How do we do this, then?' But that made me try harder to make them see what was in my head. Hopefully everybody else will too!"

Given Big Finish's track record to date – and especially the standards of post-production achieved by Dalek enthusiast Briggs on *The Genocide Machine* – the prospect of hearing the Daleks marauding through the heart of the Time Lords' seat of power is an exciting one indeed . . . *Mark Wyman*

'When you've got the Daleks invading Gallifrey, you can't do things by halves, can you?'

***The Apocalypse Element* is released by Big Finish on 7 August**



Imperial Moon

by Christopher Bulis

Featuring The Fifth Doctor, Turlough & Kamelion
Enemies The hideous Vrall
Setting The Moon, 1878 – between the TV stories *Resurrection of the Daleks* and *Planet of Fire*
You'll like this if you like Steampunk fiction; HG Wells' *The First Men in the Moon*
Watch out for The historic, momentous moment of first contact between human space explorers and . . .

The year is 1878, and the Doctor and Turlough make a landing in the Sea of Tranquillity – only to discover that the plucky astronauts of the British Imperial Spacefleet have got there before them. But these pioneering Victorian rocketeers are not the only alien presence on the Moon. Can the TARDIS travellers survive the terrors of the lunar night to discover the terrifying truth behind this strange secret history – and can Turlough resist the temptation to discover his own future?

Past evidence would tend to predict an enthusiastic reception for *Imperial Moon*, the tenth *Doctor Who* novel by the prolific Christopher Bulis. Fans have long claimed that the TV show was at its best when the intelligent observer could easily spot the literary sources which inspired a particular story – and *Imperial Moon*'s template is proudly on display, as the author admits: "*Doctor Who* has plundered so many classic clichés of B-movie land and put its own twist on them, and I hope my story fits into that. Many years ago I saw *The First Men in the Moon*, Ray Harryhausen's movie version of the HG Wells novel, and loved the idea of Victorians being on the Moon before the Americans ever got there. There's one scene where a United Nations mission lands on the Moon and finds an old tattered Union Jack there. It's a claim for the Moon in the name of Queen Victoria! It's a lovely idea which turns everything we think we know about the subject on its head."

Since Wells' *The Time Machine* was part of the inspiration for *Doctor Who* itself, it's no surprise that writers continue to draw upon his work. Wells was not Bulis' only source of ideas, though – he also claims a debt both to Jules Verne and, perhaps more surprisingly, to Edgar Rice Burroughs. "Before *Tarzan*, he wrote a story in which his hero, John Carter, is transported to Mars. His style was very crude, but he was a great yarnsmith. The vistas he sketched out, this wonderful, totally impossible world, are great fun."

The particular companion in this story, Turlough, was another of Bulis' main sources of inspiration, specifically "the look he gives Peri in *Planet of Fire*. There are a lot of ways you might look at an attractive semi-clad young woman you've just rescued from drowning – and his look at Peri doesn't seem to fit! That was a motivation: why is he so misogynistic? What could make him look at this attractive young woman in that way? Perhaps he'd had a bad romance . . ."

The chance to develop the regular characters is often embraced by writers of *Doctor Who* novels, and Bulis is no exception. "I gave Turlough more to do and tried to jerk him out of his slightly scheming, but otherwise rather apathetic, morose attitude – which I find rather annoying – and suggested that he could grow up. After all, he's going to leave in the next TV story. I've tried to play around with his emotions a bit, and suggest that he benefitted in some way from travelling with the Doctor. Once he'd stopped trying to kill him . . ."

Psychological aspects aside, Bulis thinks *Imperial Moon* – which perhaps bears a few surface similarities to *Enlightenment* – is "a good adventure which has a few twists and turns which I hope will not be obvious until the end – or until due course. I tried to touch on other ideas, but the story has to entertain first. It has to be primarily an adventure." *David Darlington* DWM

Imperial Moon **is published by BBC Books on 7 August**

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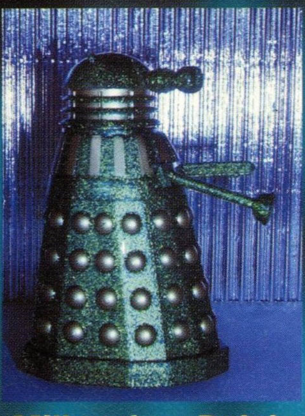

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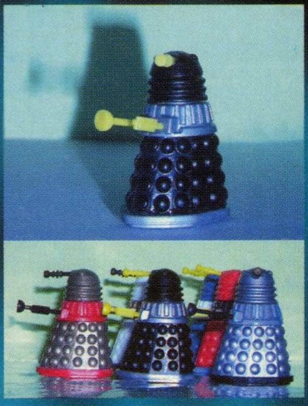

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	A	The Macra Terror
	A	The Apocalypse Element
September	*V*	An Unearthly Child
	B	Casualties Of War
	B	Festival Of Death
	A	The Fires Of Vulcan
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THE GLORIOUS DEAD

PART EIGHT

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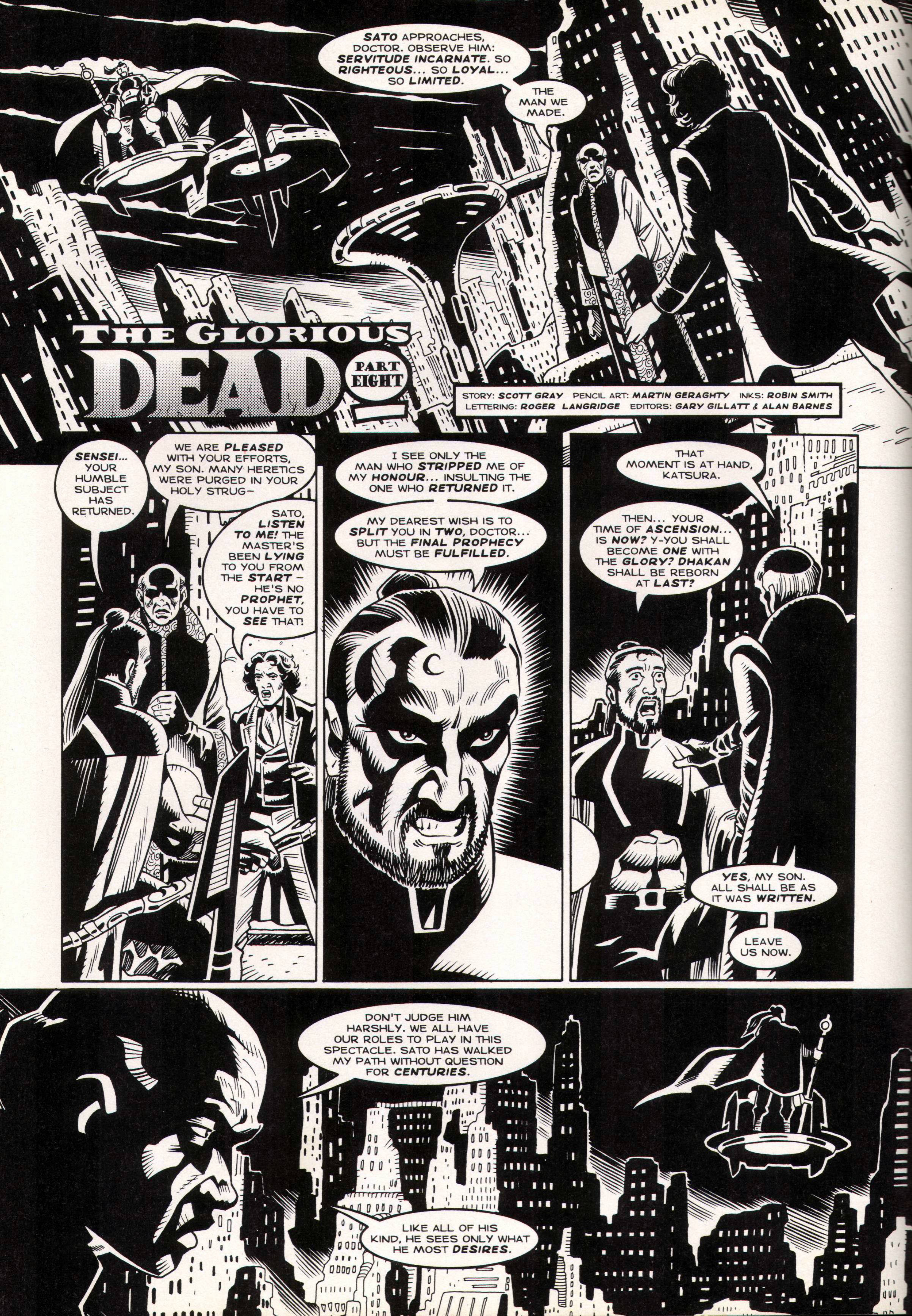
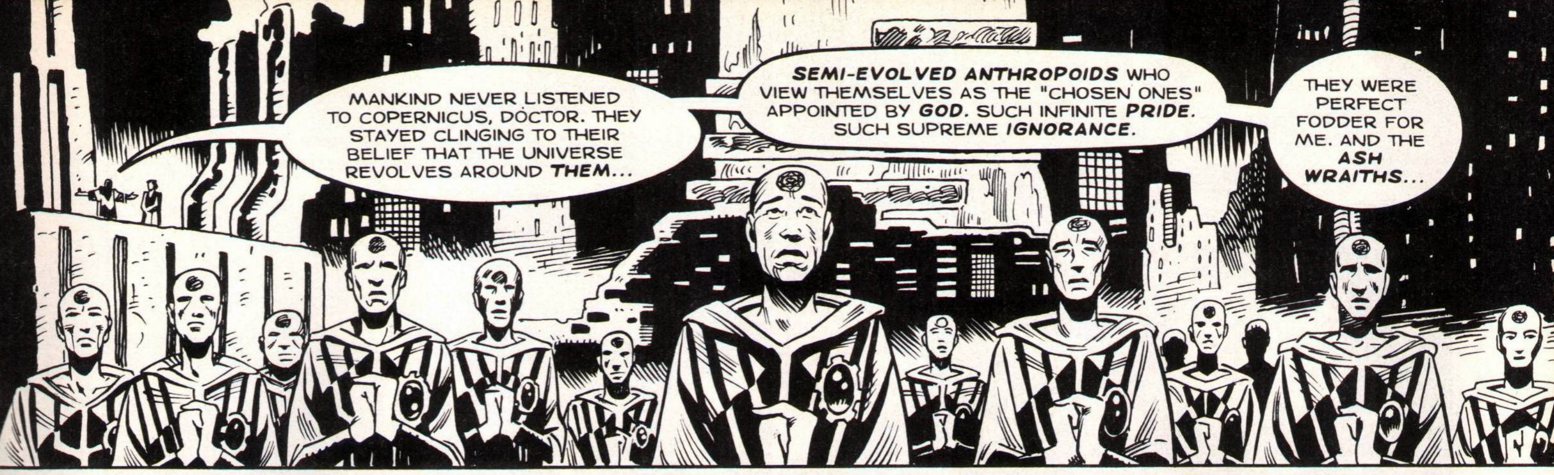
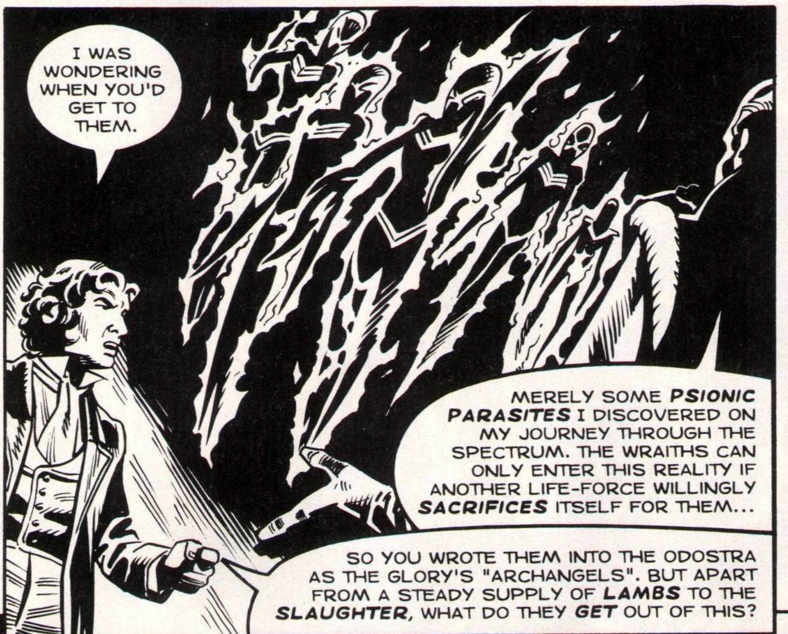
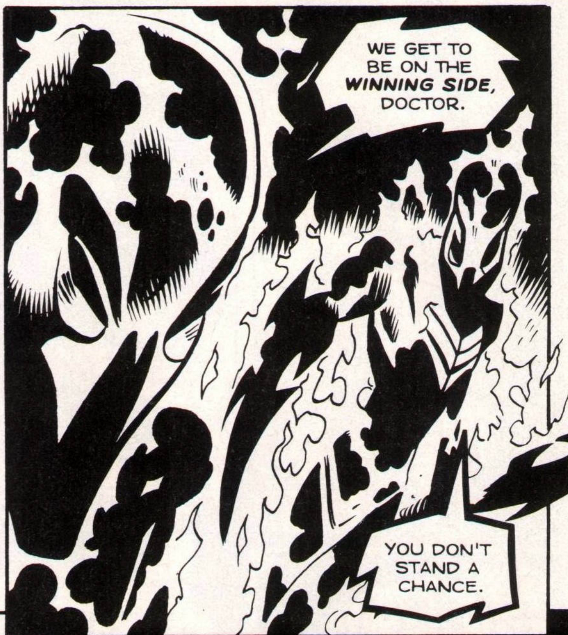
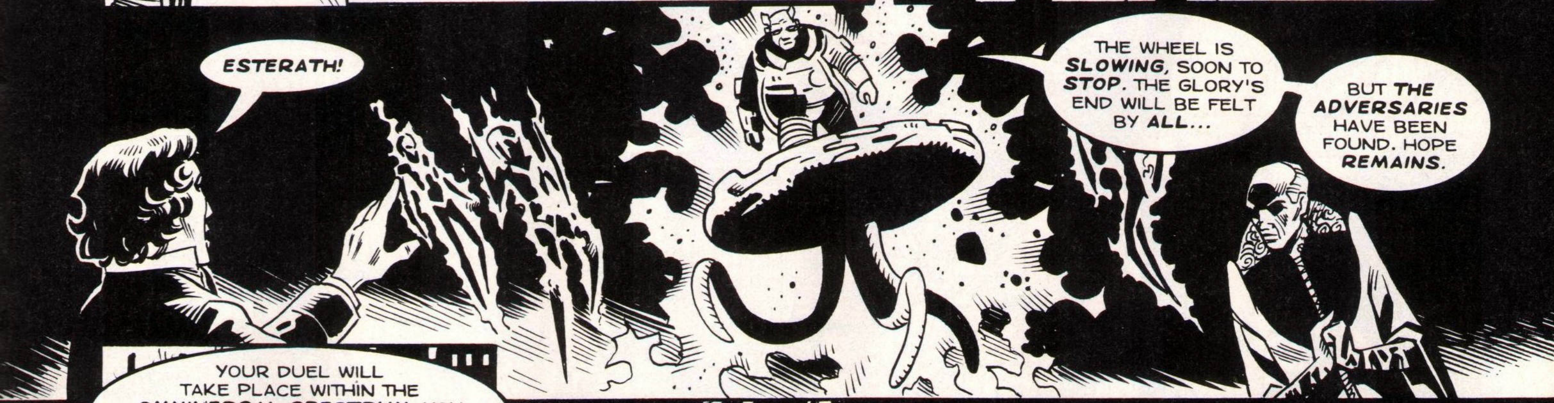
LETTERING: **ROGER LANGRIDGE** EDITORS: **GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES**

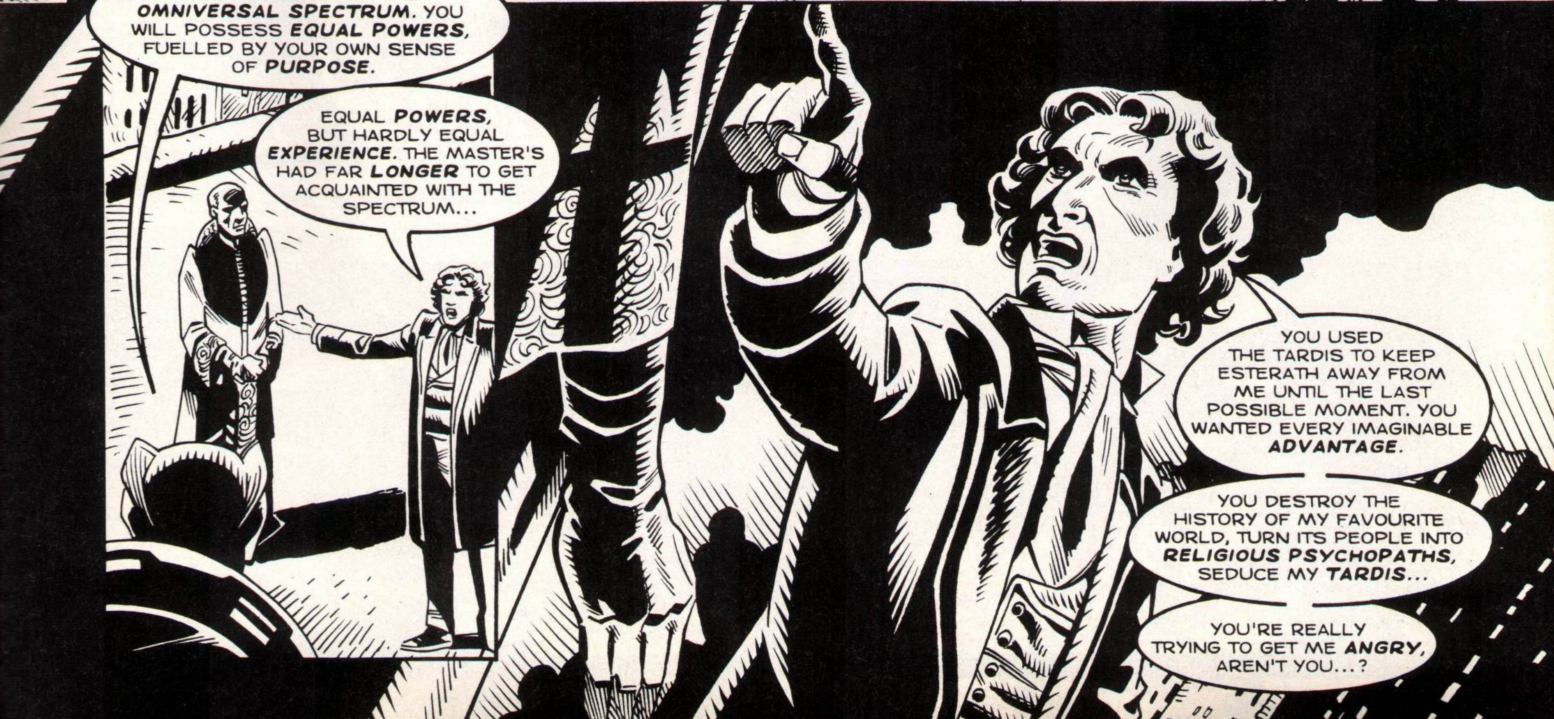

SATO APPROACHES, DOCTOR. OBSERVE HIM: SERVITUDE INCARNATE. SO RIGHTEOUS... SO LOYAL... SO LIMITED.
THE MAN WE MADE.
SENSEI... YOUR HUMBLE SUBJECT HAS RETURNED.
WE ARE PLEASED WITH YOUR EFFORTS, MY SON. MANY HERETICS WERE PURGED IN YOUR HOLY STRUG–
SATO, LISTEN TO ME! THE MASTER'S BEEN LYING TO YOU FROM THE START – HE'S NO PROPHET, YOU HAVE TO SEE THAT!
I SEE ONLY THE MAN WHO STRIPPED ME OF MY HONOUR... INSULTING THE ONE WHO RETURNED IT.
MY DEAREST WISH IS TO SPLIT YOU IN TWO, DOCTOR... BUT THE FINAL PROPHECY MUST BE FULFILLED.
THAT MOMENT IS AT HAND, KATSURA.
THEN... YOUR TIME OF ASCENSION... IS NOW? Y-YOU SHALL BECOME ONE WITH THE GLORY? DHAKAN SHALL BE REBORN AT LAST?
YES, MY SON. ALL SHALL BE AS IT WAS WRITTEN.
LEAVE US NOW.
DON'T JUDGE HIM HARSHLY. WE ALL HAVE OUR ROLES TO PLAY IN THIS SPECTACLE. SATO HAS WALKED MY PATH WITHOUT QUESTION FOR CENTURIES.
LIKE ALL OF HIS KIND, HE SEES ONLY WHAT HE MOST DESIRES.

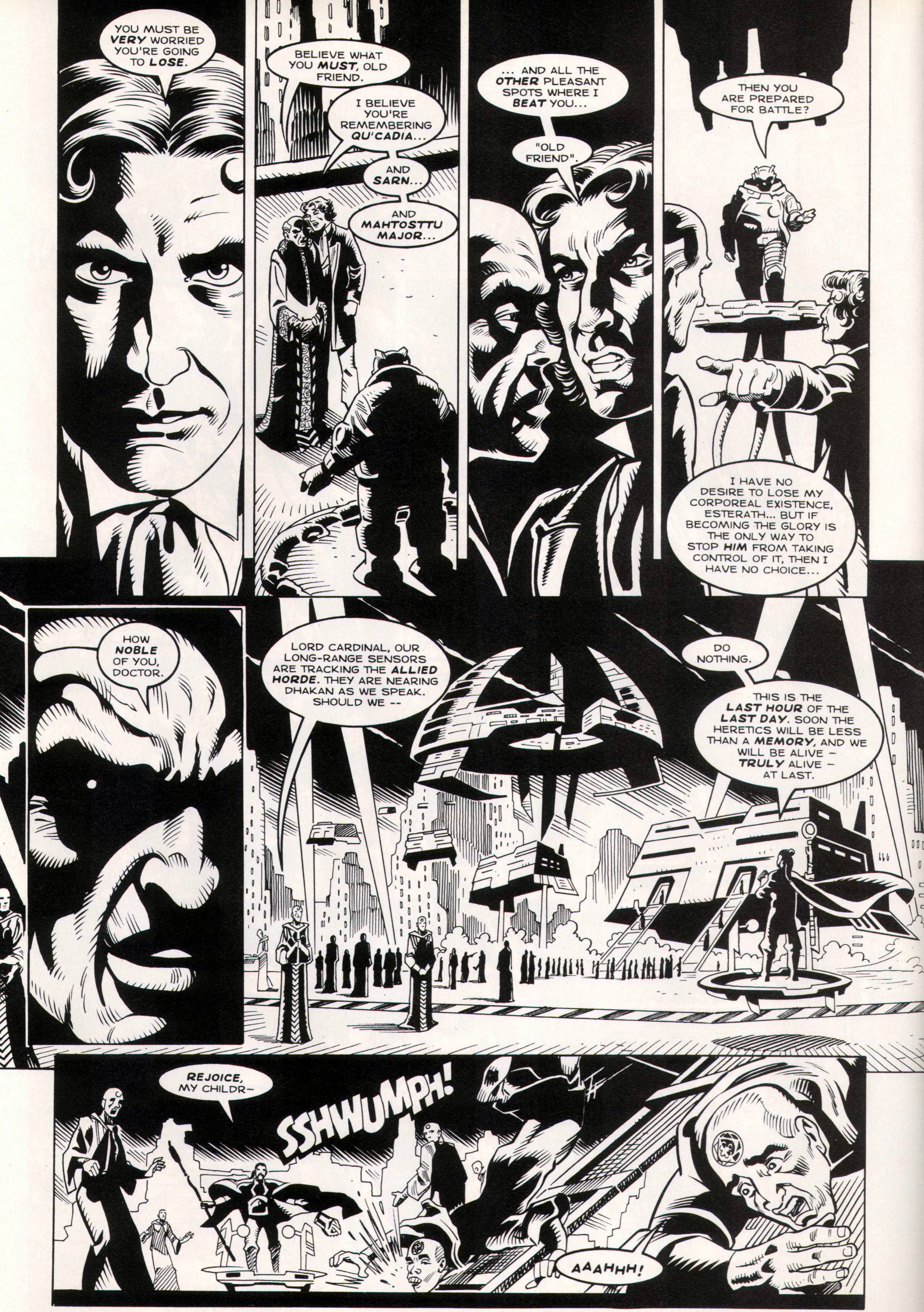

MANKIND NEVER LISTENED TO COPERNICUS, DOCTOR. THEY STAYED CLINGING TO THEIR BELIEF THAT THE UNIVERSE REVOLVES AROUND **THEM**...
SEMI-EVOLVED ANTHROPOIDS WHO VIEW THEMSELVES AS THE "CHOSEN ONES" APPOINTED BY **GOD**. SUCH INFINITE **PRIDE**. SUCH SUPREME **IGNORANCE**.
THEY WERE PERFECT FODDER FOR ME. AND THE **ASH WRAITHS**...

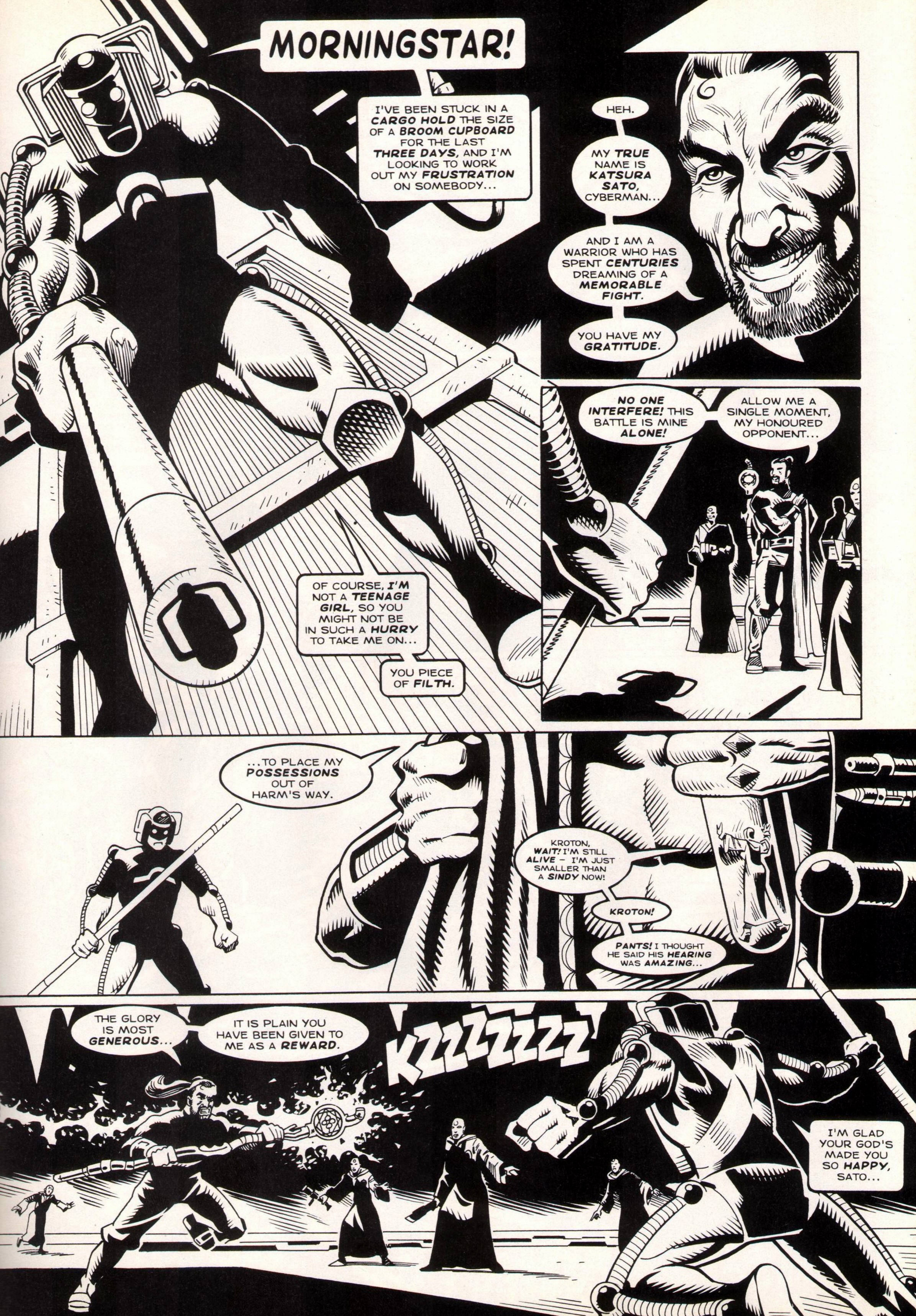

I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU'D GET TO THEM.
MERELY SOME **PSIONIC PARASITES** I DISCOVERED ON MY JOURNEY THROUGH THE SPECTRUM. THE WRAITHS CAN ONLY ENTER THIS REALITY IF ANOTHER LIFE-FORCE WILLINGLY **SACRIFICES** ITSELF FOR THEM...
SO YOU WROTE THEM INTO THE ODOSTRA AS THE GLORY'S "ARCHANGELS". BUT APART FROM A STEADY SUPPLY OF **LAMBS** TO THE **SLAUGHTER**, WHAT DO THEY **GET** OUT OF THIS?

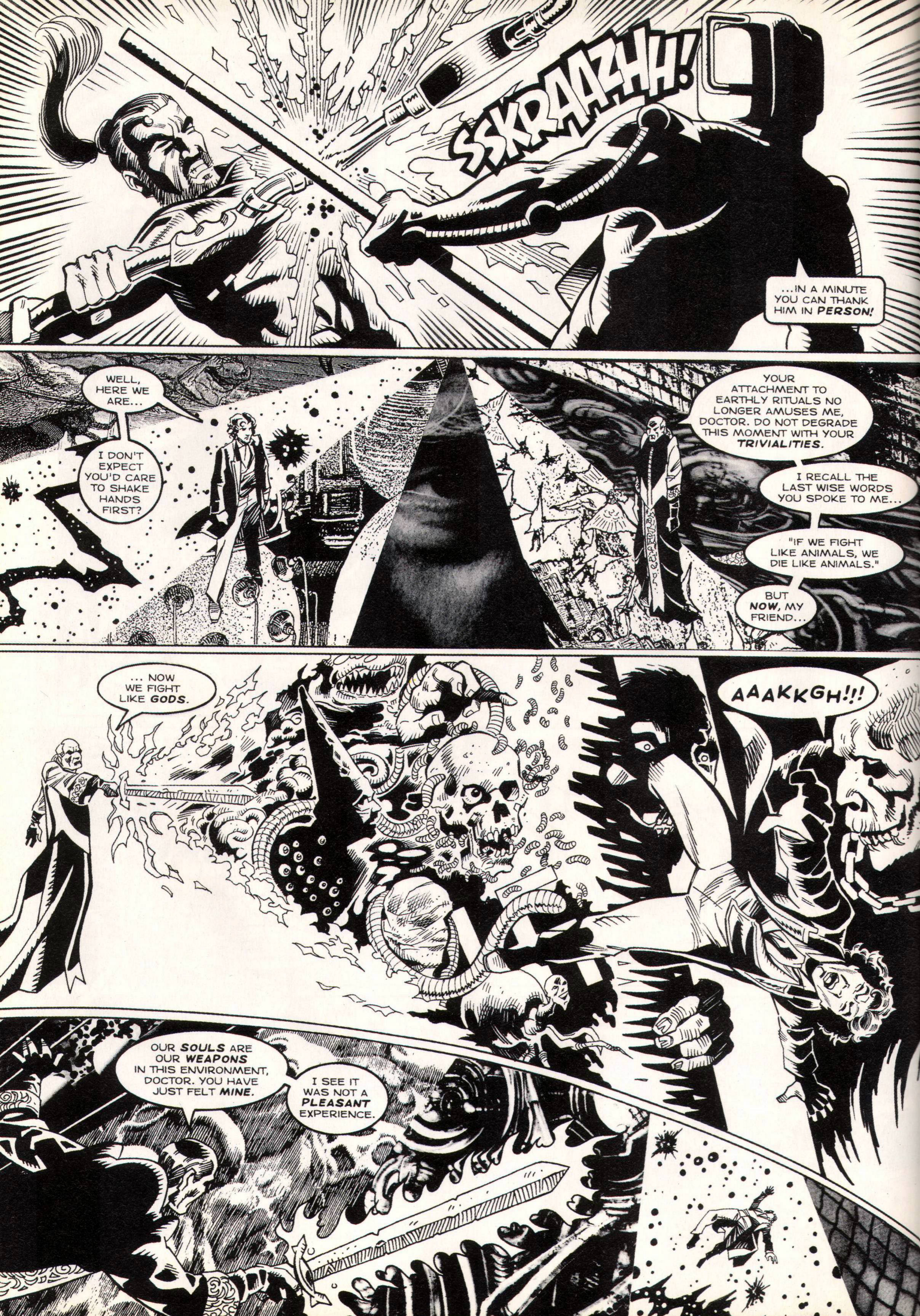

WE GET TO BE ON THE **WINNING SIDE**, DOCTOR.
YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE.

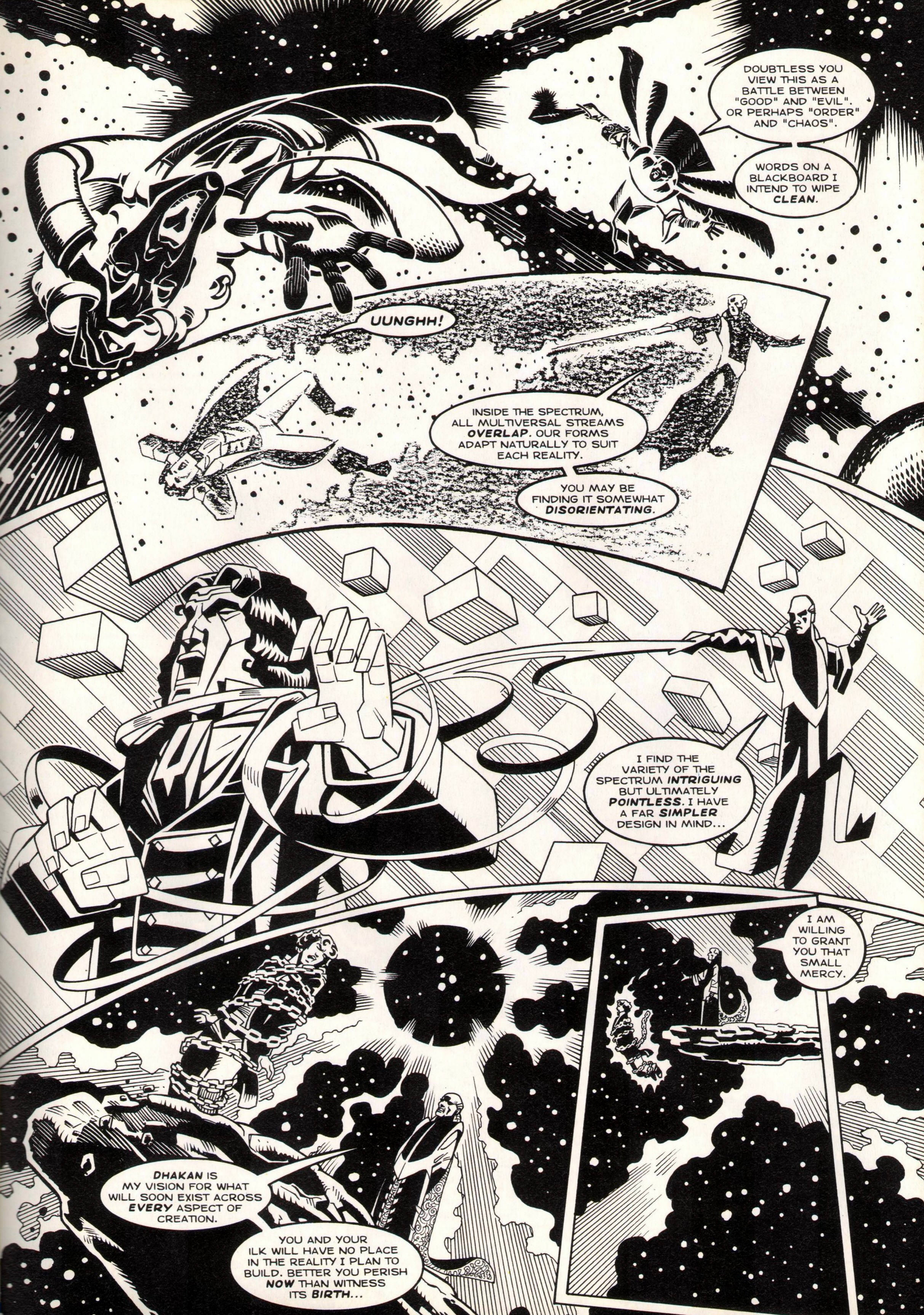

ESTERATH!
THE WHEEL IS **SLOWING**, SOON TO **STOP**. THE GLORY'S END WILL BE FELT BY **ALL**...
BUT **THE ADVERSARIES** HAVE BEEN FOUND. HOPE **REMAINS**.

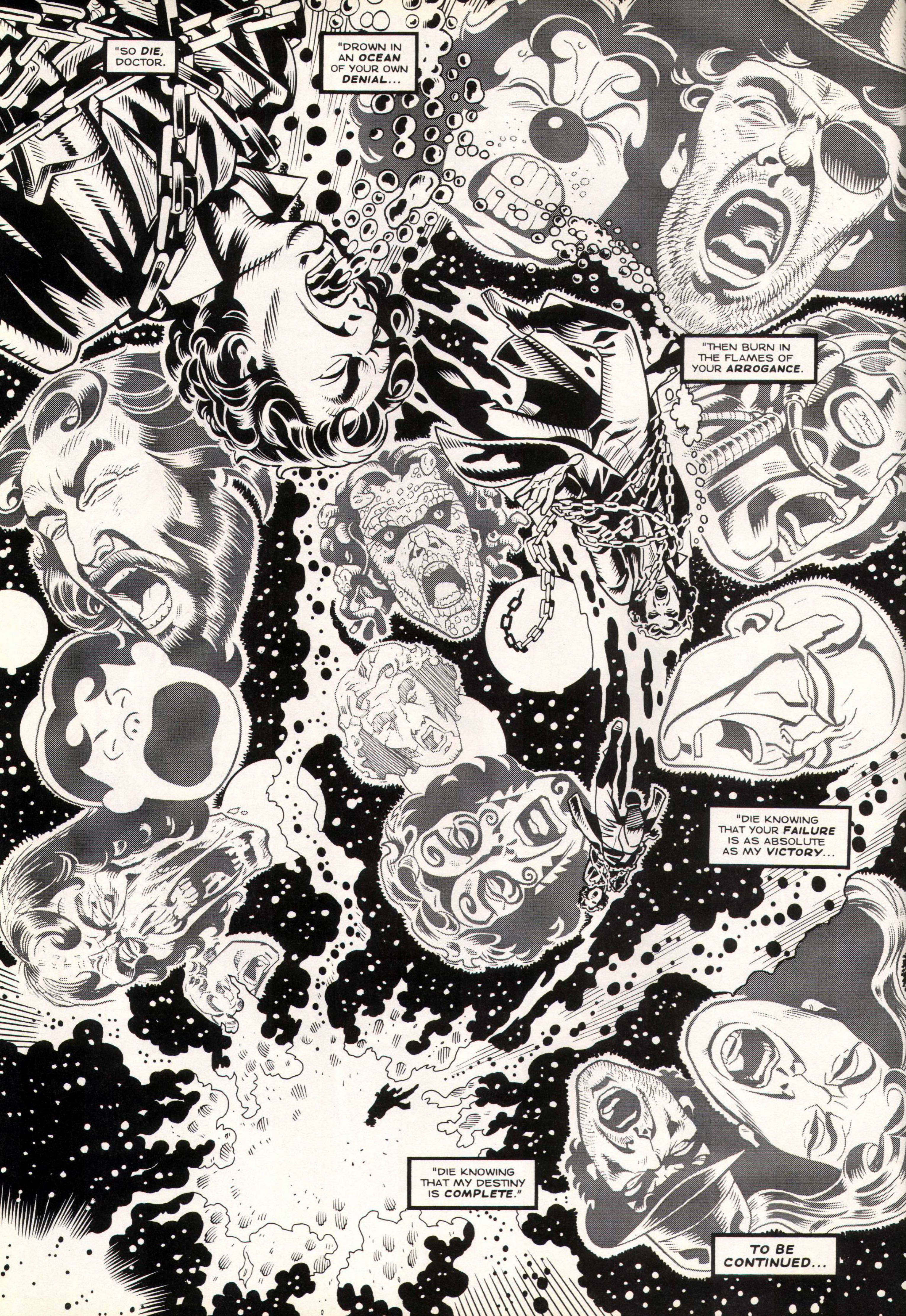

YOUR DUEL WILL TAKE PLACE WITHIN THE **OMNIVERSAL SPECTRUM**. YOU WILL POSSESS **EQUAL POWERS**, FUELLED BY YOUR OWN SENSE OF **PURPOSE**.
EQUAL **POWERS**, BUT HARDLY EQUAL **EXPERIENCE**. THE MASTER'S HAD FAR **LONGER** TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH THE SPECTRUM...
YOU USED THE TARDIS TO KEEP ESTERATH AWAY FROM ME UNTIL THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT. YOU WANTED EVERY IMAGINABLE **ADVANTAGE**.
YOU DESTROY THE HISTORY OF MY FAVOURITE WORLD, TURN ITS PEOPLE INTO **RELIGIOUS PSYCHOPATHS**, SEDUCE MY **TARDIS**...
YOU'RE REALLY TRYING TO GET ME **ANGRY**, AREN'T YOU...?


YOU MUST BE **VERY** WORRIED YOU'RE GOING TO **LOSE**.
BELIEVE WHAT YOU **MUST**, OLD FRIEND.
I BELIEVE YOU'RE REMEMBERING **QU'CADIA**...
AND **SARN**...
AND **MAHTOSTTU MAJOR**...
... AND ALL THE **OTHER** PLEASANT SPOTS WHERE I **BEAT** YOU...
"OLD FRIEND".
THEN YOU ARE PREPARED FOR BATTLE?
I HAVE NO DESIRE TO LOSE MY CORPOREAL EXISTENCE, ESTERATH... BUT IF BECOMING THE GLORY IS THE ONLY WAY TO STOP **HIM** FROM TAKING CONTROL OF IT, THEN I HAVE NO CHOICE...
HOW **NOBLE** OF YOU, DOCTOR.
LORD CARDINAL, OUR LONG-RANGE SENSORS ARE TRACKING THE **ALLIED HORDE**. THEY ARE NEARING DHAKAN AS WE SPEAK. SHOULD WE --
DO NOTHING.
THIS IS THE **LAST HOUR** OF THE **LAST DAY**. SOON THE HERETICS WILL BE LESS THAN A **MEMORY**, AND WE WILL BE ALIVE - **TRULY** ALIVE - AT LAST.
REJOICE, MY CHILDR-
SSHWUMPH!
AAAHHH!


MORNINGSTAR!
I'VE BEEN STUCK IN A **CARGO HOLD** THE SIZE OF A **BROOM CUPBOARD** FOR THE LAST **THREE DAYS,** AND I'M LOOKING TO WORK OUT MY **FRUSTRATION** ON SOMEBODY...
OF COURSE, **I'M** NOT A **TEENAGE GIRL,** SO YOU MIGHT NOT BE IN SUCH A **HURRY** TO TAKE ME ON...
YOU PIECE OF **FILTH.**
HEH.
MY **TRUE** NAME IS **KATSURA SATO,** CYBERMAN...
AND I AM A WARRIOR WHO HAS SPENT **CENTURIES** DREAMING OF A **MEMORABLE FIGHT.**
YOU HAVE MY **GRATITUDE.**
NO ONE INTERFERE! THIS BATTLE IS MINE **ALONE!**
ALLOW ME A SINGLE MOMENT, MY HONOURED OPPONENT...
...TO PLACE MY **POSSESSIONS** OUT OF HARM'S WAY.
KROTON, **WAIT!** I'M STILL **ALIVE** – I'M JUST SMALLER THAN A **SINDY** NOW!
KROTON!
PANTS! I THOUGHT HE SAID HIS **HEARING** WAS **AMAZING...**
THE GLORY IS MOST **GENEROUS...**
IT IS PLAIN YOU HAVE BEEN GIVEN TO ME AS A **REWARD.**
KZZZZZZZ
I'M GLAD YOUR GOD'S MADE YOU SO **HAPPY,** SATO...


SSKRAAZHH!
...IN A MINUTE YOU CAN THANK HIM IN **PERSON!**
WELL, HERE WE ARE...
I DON'T EXPECT YOU'D CARE TO SHAKE HANDS FIRST?
YOUR ATTACHMENT TO EARTHLY RITUALS NO LONGER AMUSES ME, DOCTOR. DO NOT DEGRADE THIS MOMENT WITH YOUR **TRIVIALITIES.**
I RECALL THE LAST WISE WORDS YOU SPOKE TO ME...
"IF WE FIGHT LIKE ANIMALS, WE DIE LIKE ANIMALS."
BUT **NOW,** MY FRIEND...
... NOW WE FIGHT LIKE **GODS.**
AAAKKGH!!!
OUR **SOULS** ARE OUR **WEAPONS** IN THIS ENVIRONMENT, DOCTOR. YOU HAVE JUST FELT **MINE.**
I SEE IT WAS NOT A **PLEASANT** EXPERIENCE.


DOUBTLESS YOU VIEW THIS AS A BATTLE BETWEEN "GOOD" AND "EVIL". OR PERHAPS "ORDER" AND "CHAOS".
WORDS ON A BLACKBOARD I INTEND TO WIPE **CLEAN**.
UUNGHH!
INSIDE THE SPECTRUM, ALL MULTIVERSAL STREAMS **OVERLAP**. OUR FORMS ADAPT NATURALLY TO SUIT EACH REALITY.
YOU MAY BE FINDING IT SOMEWHAT **DISORIENTATING**.
I FIND THE VARIETY OF THE SPECTRUM **INTRIGUING** BUT ULTIMATELY **POINTLESS**. I HAVE A FAR **SIMPLER** DESIGN IN MIND...
I AM WILLING TO GRANT YOU THAT SMALL MERCY.
DHAKAN IS MY VISION FOR WHAT WILL SOON EXIST ACROSS **EVERY** ASPECT OF CREATION.
YOU AND YOUR ILK WILL HAVE NO PLACE IN THE REALITY I PLAN TO BUILD. BETTER YOU PERISH **NOW** THAN WITNESS ITS **BIRTH**...


"SO *DIE*, DOCTOR.
"DROWN IN AN *OCEAN* OF YOUR OWN *DENIAL*...
"THEN BURN IN THE FLAMES OF YOUR *ARROGANCE*.
"DIE KNOWING THAT YOUR *FAILURE* IS AS ABSOLUTE AS MY *VICTORY*...
"DIE KNOWING THAT MY DESTINY IS *COMPLETE*."
TO BE CONTINUED...

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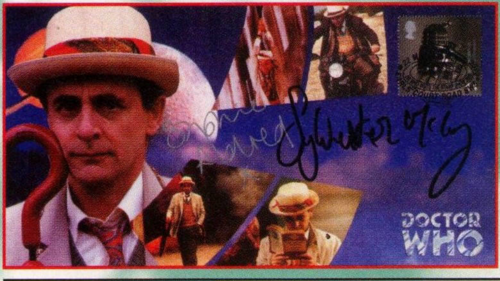

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Return of the six million dollar man

Exclusive! From next January, the Eighth Doctor embarks upon a series of four audio adventures – and Gary Gillatt was in studio to hear Paul McGann reprise the starring role. Photos by Barnaby Edwards

For some reason, everybody is roaring.

I have no idea why they are doing this. Sure, I have the script for the audio adventure *Storm Warning* in my hand, but everything has been recorded in such a mixed-up, back-to-front, no-doubt-very-intelligent order that I got completely lost long ago.

"Rrrrooooooarrr!" they all go. Just like that. Like belligerent bears. Guest star Gareth Thomas is doing it. The rest of the cast are doing it. Even director/co-producer Gary Russell is doing it.

But one man is tackling the challenge with even more enthusiasm than the rest. His roar builds from a growl at the back of his throat, echoes to a deep rumble in his chest and then rushes out to fill the studio, stunning everyone else to silence. It's a roar which even the most sophisticated onomatopoeia couldn't capture. It's the roar of the rarely-spotted Paul McGann. And he's the star of our show.

Seemingly having surprised himself with his own performance, he straightens his shoulders and runs a hand through his hair.

"That," he says, "must be the single most ridiculous thing I have ever been asked to do in my life."

A beat. Gary's face falls. The last thing he wants to do is embarrass his lead actor.

He needn't be worried. "It's fantastic!" gushes McGann.

Through several retakes, Paul's enthusiasm remains undiminished as he roars like a crazy man. His smile broadens all the time.

Deep down, no-one really thought that Paul McGann would play the Doctor again. Everyone hoped, of course, but no-one really *expected*.

Signals from the actor had been mixed. "I don't mind losing out, really," he said back in 1996, just months after the seemingly combined debut and swansong of the TV Movie. "I've had a go and things didn't work out. That was my crack at at it and now it'll probably be someone else."

Early in 1998, McGann seemed to have rediscovered his enthusiasm. "I just hope there is a future for *Doctor Who* somehow," he told Scotland's *Daily Record*. "I could be back. Stranger things have happened." But just a few weeks later, he was telling a radio journalist: "I gave it my best shot. Now I'm going to move over, and someone else will take it on. Lucky them."

It seemed a reasonable point of view. The Movie hadn't wowed America and the option held by the co-production partners BBC and Universal on McGann had long since lapsed. If there was ever going to be new *Doctor Who* then it would be made by a different team – who would surely pick their own lead man. Paul was destined to be a one-off, blink-and-you-missed-him Doctor; the one forgotten by gameshow contestants when attempting to list incarnations in order to win a family car. Or, as he once put it himself: "the George Lazenby of the Time Lords."

What we never reckoned on, of course, was Big Finish. Even before the team signed their licence with the BBC to produce new *Doctor Who* adventures on audio they must have realised that, while offering 'missing' stories for earlier TV Doctors was nice enough, taking Paul McGann's Eighth Doctor off on new adventures remained the real Holy Grail of the *Doctor Who* spin-off world.

Working with Paul was always part of the grand plan, as co-producer Jason Haigh-Ellery reveals: "Working with Peter, Colin and Sylvester has been wonderful, but there was always one drawback: continuity. We have to keep within the boundaries set during their respective eras. As an extreme example – we couldn't kill off Peri in a Peter Davison story, because she has to be alive for the Colin Baker era.

"To truly make our own version of the programme we had to have a blank canvas to work on; we needed a new Doctor with very few preconditions. In short: we needed Paul McGann."

But would they ever be able to persuade the man himself? Would they even get the opportunity? Paul McGann's chief representative was former Tegan actress Janet Fielding, and in the early 1990s Janet had expressed her less-than-favourable opinion of *Doctor Who* in words of one syllable. Would Big Finish even be granted an audience?

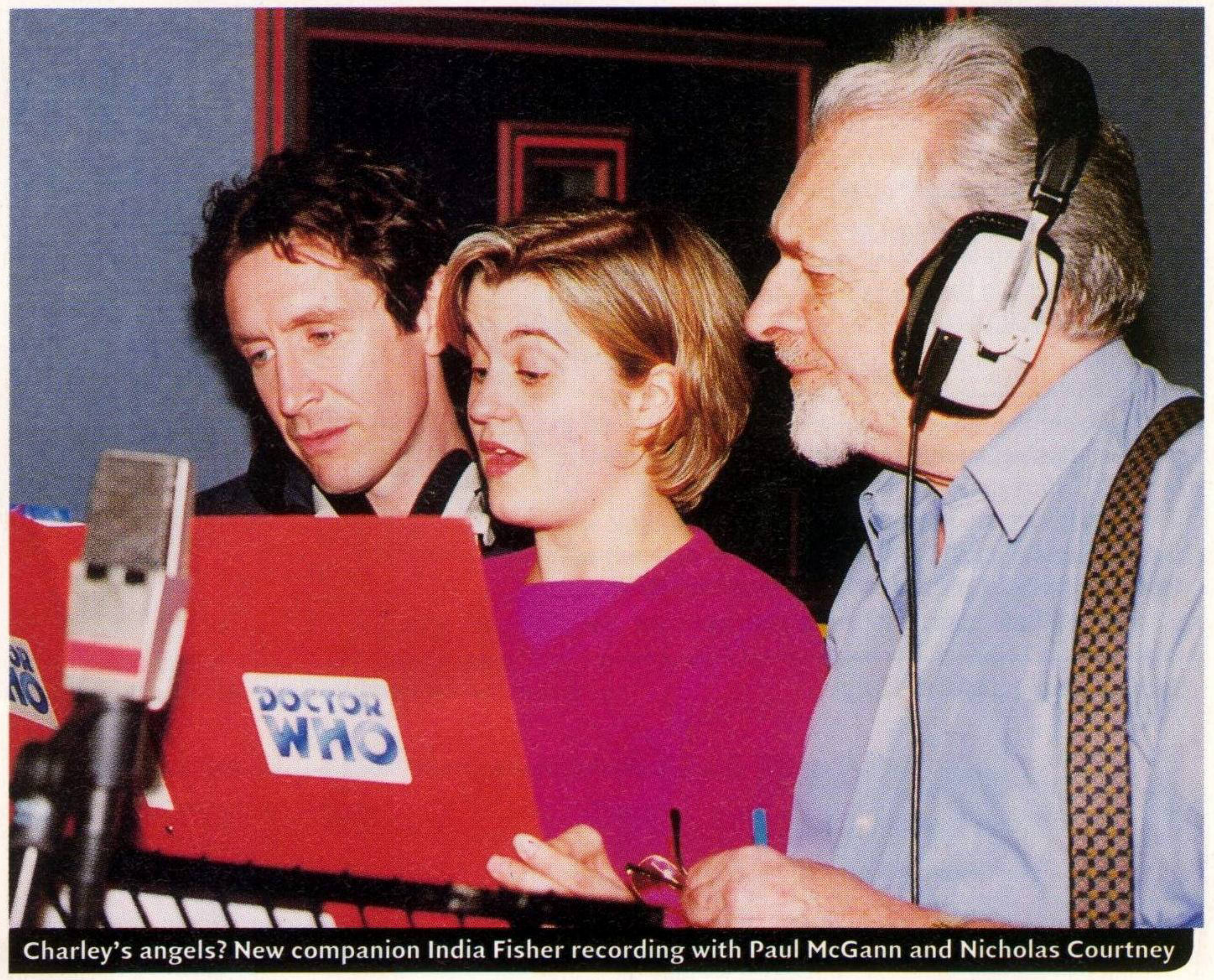
Gary Russell recalls the months of uncertainty: "We made an approach when we first got the licence – and while Janet was terribly nice about what we were doing, it was made clear that it wasn't a direction she thought Paul should go in. After Janet moved on, dialogue with the agency was restarted – and over the next few months we got to the stage where they were asking to see storylines and scripts. So we gave Paul *Sword of Orion* and *The Stones of Venice* to read and said we were keen to also do a historically-flavoured story and one where the Doctor gets a bit . . . psychologically traumatised, and we team him up with the Brig.

"Favourable words came back and we took it from there. The tricky bit was always going to be fitting it into Paul's schedule – he'd gone from *Nature Boy* straight into *Fish*, which had provided very little rest time for him. No sooner did he get a chance to come up for air when *wham!*, 'Hiya Paul, you're doing four *Doctor Whos* next week!'"

That was last week. It's now Thursday 18 May. In the last half-hour Paul McGann has wrestled with a huge, winged lizard in the Time Vortex, thrown a table out of an airship window and enjoyed a furious argument about destiny with a recalcitrant government minister. Roaring suddenly seems like a perfectly ordinary way of earning a living.

There's a terribly relaxed atmosphere in the studio, given the amount of work to be done. Big Finish traditionally records each audio drama over a weekend. This time, however, the company needs to commit the raw material for four plays to DAT in the space of only five days. Paul is only available through the morning and afternoon, so the focus during the day is on all of his scenes. Recording continues late into the evening on material not involving the Doctor.

'Doctor Who is a job for life, isn't it? I knew that when I originally signed up!' Paul McGann



Charley's angels? New companion India Fisher recording with Paul McGann and Nicholas Courtney

Contemplating being hurled from an airship by Gareth Thomas' Lord Tamworth in *Storm Warning*

The support cast have to be on the ball at all times. Because of the incredibly tight and focused nature of the production process, a small 'repertory' company of actors has been assembled, each taking a role in at least two of the four plays. Each has been chosen not only for talent and versatility, but also for their rock-solid professionalism and ability to keep track of their character and motivation in the face of a Byzantine recording schedule which may well call for a death scene before breakfast, but only has their introduction pencilled in for dinnertime.

It makes my head spin, and I'm only a spectator.

Down on the studio floor, Paul McGann *doesn't* ask for help with the pronunciation of 'Mettula Orionsis'. I wonder if he's been watching episodes at home.

Paul and I have time for a chat in the green room during a brief recording break. "It's funny to think," says Paul, "that if the TV Movie had got the right numbers in America, then we'd be out there working on the fifth series now."

Is he sad about that? "Not really, there's no value in regrets like that – I guess it just wasn't to be."

Is he surprised to be playing the Doctor again?

He laughs. "Not really. It's a job for life, isn't it? I knew that when I originally signed up."

But has he been having fun?

"Oh yes! When you work on TV and film it's such a rarefied atmosphere – you shoot a scene then it's back to your trailer or dressing room on your own. I'd forgotten what fun it is to just be hanging out with a crowd of actors in the green room, or heading off to the pub for lunch with them."

Mention of lunch – or possibly just 'the pub' – makes Gareth Thomas look round. Better known to fantasy fans as Blake from *Doctor Who*'s 1970s BBC stablemate *Blake's 7*, Gareth is here to play the enigmatic Lord Tamworth, Minister of the Air, in *Storm Warning*.

"I thought it was about time I did a *Doctor Who*," he says. "but I never expected it to be quite so much fun! Such a talented and friendly cast. I don't think I've enjoyed a job as much in years!"

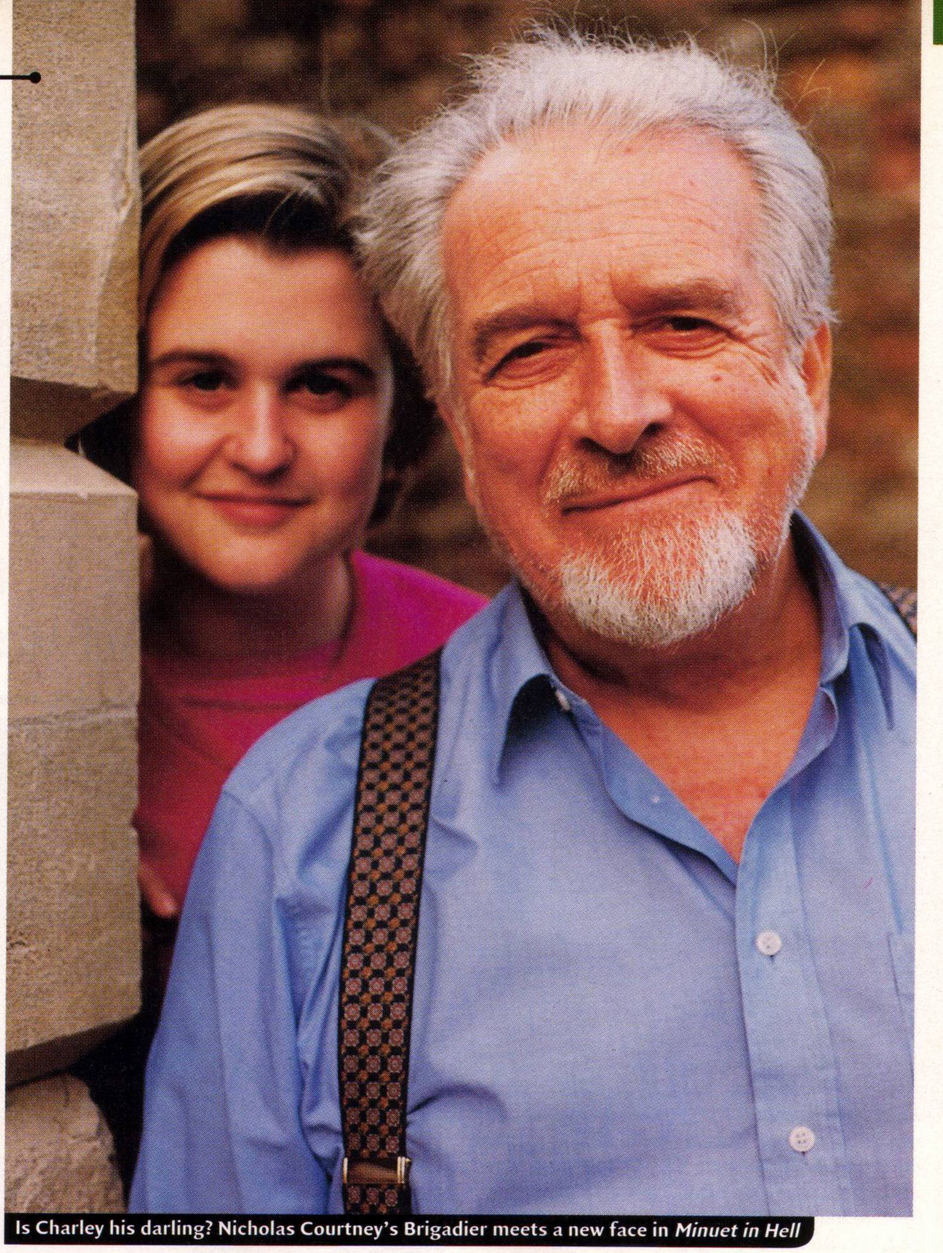
Friday 19 has the be the final day. *Minuet in Hell* is the play in studio today; Big Finish stalwart Nick Briggs is directing. Today's very special guest star won't be arriving until 11.00am, so Briggs is getting a long and complicated dream sequence out of the way. Well, it sounds like a dream sequence to me – perhaps an hallucination – but I'll be as intrigued as the next fan to see how it fits into the scheme of things. At the huge mixing desk, sound guru Alastair Lock tweaks knobs and sliders until a cacophony of voices echo and spiral all around. Scary stuff indeed.

Word reaches me that today's guest has arrived early. I pop down for a chat.

"Brig's here!" bellows Nicholas Courtney as he plonks himself onto a sofa. He has an endearing habit of referring to himself not only in the third person, but in character. When you ask for an interview you expect him to shout, 'Liberty Hall, Mr Gary! Liberty Hall!'

"I'm here to complete the set, of course!" he says. "I can't let a chance to work with another Doctor pass by!"

Is this a good role for the Brig?



Is Charley his darling? Nicholas Courtney's Brigadier meets a new face in *Minuet in Hell*

'I'd forgotten what fun it is just to be hanging out with a crowd of actors and heading off to the pub' Paul McGann

The Season 27 posse: Jason Haigh-Ellery, Paul McGann, Gary Russell and Nicholas Briggs

"Oh yes! He does very well out of this one! He gets to knock a few heads together and save the world." Pronouns become fluid as he leans forward conspiratorially. "I can say that my relationship with the new Doctor is a little out of the ordinary, but the Brig's saying no more than that!"

It falls to me to introduce Nick to India Fisher, as everyone else is still busy on the 'dream' scene. India voices new companion Charlotte 'Charley' Pollard, a gung-ho young adventuress from 1930. Nick wants to know if she's had fun.

"Oh, it's been great!" enthuses India. "Paul is such an inspirational actor, and everyone else has been so kind and funny."

"Oh, working with the Doctor has always been like that," says Nick. It could almost be a line from today's play.

Momentarily free from recording, Paul McGann bounds into the room. "Brigadier!" he shouts, holding out his hand.

It's all very confusing.

It's the end of the last day and the cast assemble for photos in a nearby park. I'm eavesdropping on a conversation between Paul and Gary Russell.

"I hope it wasn't all too frenetic for you?" asks Gary.

"Fine, fine!" says Paul brightly. "So when are we doing the next four?"

Cameras and smiles flash in the late afternoon sun. DWM

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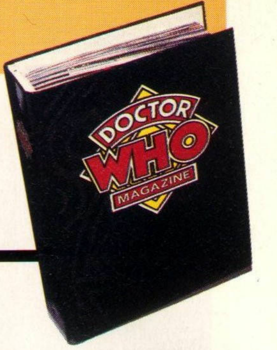

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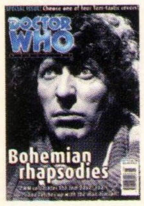

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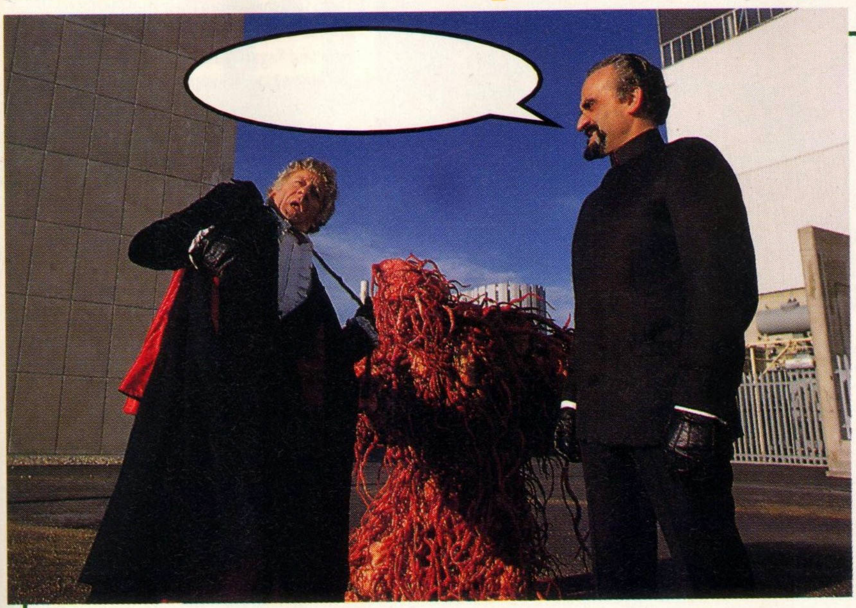
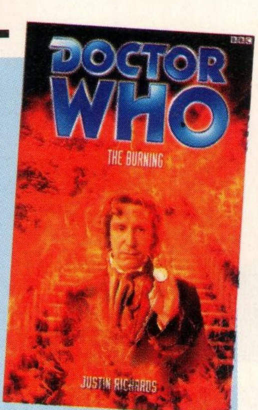
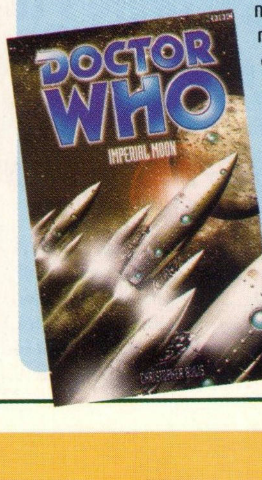
The DWM 294 caption competition



Everyone's favourite gurning hero, TV's Doctor Who (here portrayed by comedy actor Jon Pertwee), has got himself a little tied up while working at the Nuton Power Station – much to the delight of his scheming rival. If you'd like to be in with a chance of winning the prizes opposite, all you have to do is exercise those little grey cells and impress us with your Master-ful wit by suggesting what the evil man in black might be be saying to his one-time friend. Ideas by postcard or e-mail marked CRAZY CAPTION 294 (include your full name and address) to the address on page six by 23 August, please . . .





Thanks to the charity of the chaps and chapesses at BBC Worldwide, five lucky readers can each win a pair of this month's BBC Books novels! Eighth Doctor adventure *The Burning*, by Justin Richards, sees the Doctor stranded in the 19th century with no memory – and no means of escape; while Christopher Bulis' *Imperial Moon* sees the Fifth Doctor, Turlough and Kamelion witnessing Britain putting the first man on the moon in 1878!

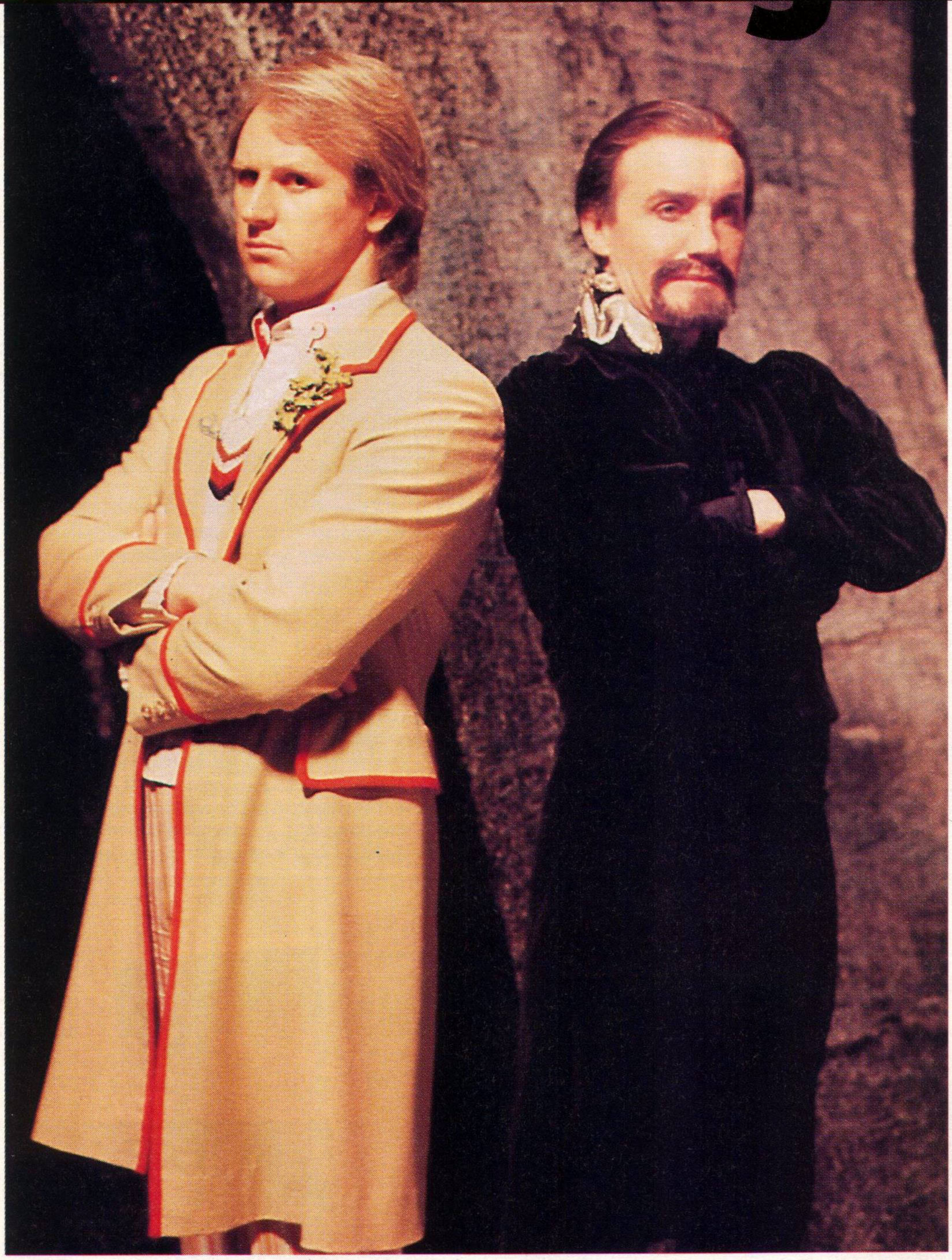
DWM 292 crossword solution

Across
2 Bacon
8 Wylda
10 Hensell
11 Saladin
12,14 *Planet of Fire*
16 Tong
17 Skeleton
20 *Air Lock*
22,9 Ancient Haemovore
24 Peter Ling
25 Ohica
26 Ralph

Down
1 Bowships
2 Balan
3 Chameleon Tours
4 Chess
5 *Bloodheat*
6 Greens
7 Coal Hill School
9 Hilio
13 Antarctic
15 Anethans
18 Krarg
19 Tarpok
21 Klieg
23 Edith

Hidden name
Padmasambhava

Time-Flight



Photos: DWM [13] BBC Video [8]

One of our Concordes is missing! There's turbulence ahead as the Doctor takes to the skies in the latest BBC Video release. Andrew Pixley fastens his seatbelt . . .

PART ONE

Speedbird Concorde 192 vanishes in mid-air as it begins its descent to Heathrow Airport. As Heathrow's flight controllers puzzle over the disappearance, they observe an object hovering over one of the runways. This is the TARDIS, which has arrived in the 1980s by accident; following the death of Adric, the Doctor had promised to take Tegan and Nyssa to Crystal Palace in 1851. The Doctor hurriedly relocates his ship, landing inside Terminal One. When airport security moves in on the Doctor, he explains that he is with UNIT – and the travellers soon find themselves enmeshed in the mystery of the lost plane, *Golf-Victor-Foxtrot*.

Recalling the fact that the TARDIS had encountered 'time turbulence' earlier, the Doctor asks to have his Police Box loaded aboard another Concorde – which will fly the same route as the vanished craft. *Golf-Alpha-Charlie*, its crew consisting of Captain Stapley, Flight Engineer Roger Scobie and First Officer Andrew Bilton, takes off with the Doctor, Nyssa, Tegan and the TARDIS aboard. Heathrow tracks the Concorde – but once again her trace vanishes . . .

Believing themselves to have landed back at Heathrow, the Doctor and friends alight from the Concorde – but the Doctor soon realises that the 'airport' around them is an hallucination. Breaking the conditioning, the group find themselves on a deserted plain in the Jurassic era – 140 million years ago. The other Concorde is nearby. Their progress is monitored by a green-skinned wizard via his magic globe. The Doctor and Tegan spot a crashed spaceship; the others see *Victor-Foxtrot*'s hypnotised passengers and crew stealing the TARDIS. Bilton and Scobie try to intervene, but are whisked away by a strange mass of plasma. The Doctor and Tegan meet up with Nyssa and Stapley – just as the plasma mass suddenly appears behind the Doctor, engulfing him . . .

PART TWO

Surrounded by the the plasma, the Doctor hears a voice asking for his help; the mass withdraws, and the Doctor explains it was a Plasmaton – a harmless conglomeration of proteins. The party encounter Professor Hayter, an academic travelling on *Victor-Foxtrot* who has managed to resist the hallucinations; he says that his fellow passengers are held prisoner in a citadel nearby. As they approach, the Plasmaton appears again, ensnaring Nyssa. While Tegan stays with her, the Doctor, Stapley and Hayter proceed.

The TARDIS is brought into the presence of the wizard. In the citadel, the Doctor becomes separated from the others and encounters this strange figure, who calls himself 'Kalid'; although he speaks of magic, the Doctor is sure there is something more scientific going on.

Stapley and Hayter find the hypnotised passengers attempting to break into a sealed chamber; Bilton and Scobie are with them, but the Captain and the Professor help free them from their trances. Outside, Nyssa is suddenly released, insisting that she and Tegan must make their way to the citadel's inner sanctum – past various hallucinations, including Adric. A furious Kalid watches their progress, and is threatening the Doctor, Hayter and Stapley's crew by conjuring up a Plasmaton dragon when Nyssa and Tegan enter the sanctum and throw an object into the centre of a sarcophagus. The dragon vanishes. Kalid collapses. Moments later, he rises – and peels off a mask to reveal the face of the Master . . .

PART THREE

The Master reveals that he needed the TARDIS to enter the sanctum and gain control of the power inside; it was the use of his own TARDIS which created the time curve that kidnapped Concorde. Taking the TARDIS at gunpoint, the Master departs. The Doctor deduces that the power source is unstable; he and Hayter return to where the passengers were working, persuading them to break into the sanctum where Nyssa and Tegan are unconscious.

The Master's scheme is foiled by the Doctor's setting of the TARDIS controls – and, when he lands back in his control area, Stapley and Bilton sneak aboard and sabotage the console. This delays the Master further, but he soon confronts the crewmen;

taking the circuit boards he needs, he dematerialises the TARDIS, leaving them trapped inside. The TARDIS hovers over the citadel.

Hayter and the Doctor enter the sanctum and tend to the girls; the Doctor realises that the intelligence in the sarcophagus is the Xeraphin, an extinct race which fled the Vardan-Kosnax war. The Master aims to harness the power of the dormant race at the centre of his TARDIS. The Xeraphin wish to communicate, and the curious Hayter offers to be the channel; the process kills him. A figure emerges from the sarcophagus, the benevolent Anithon, who says the Master has been attempting to harm them; he is joined by Zarak, who argues for the Xeraphin joining the Master. The passengers have re-sealed the sanctum, trapping the group – and although the Doctor, Tegan and Nyssa prevent the emergence of the evil Xeraphin, the sarcophagus vanishes, inducted into the Master's TARDIS. "It means the Master has finally defeated me," says the Doctor.

'This is your planet . . .'

At Heathrow Airport, Tegan despairs of the Doctor getting involved in the disappearance of a Concorde – when the TARDIS crew are supposed to be going to the Great Exhibition of 1851 . . .

DOCTOR Look Tegan – this is your planet. I would have thought you would have wanted to help.
TEGAN I am helping – by wanting to leave the recovery of Concorde to the experts.
DOCTOR Well, I might be able to help.
TEGAN That's what worries me!

From **Time-Flight** Part One, by Peter Grimwade

Baloor baloor: Kalid's mists are clearing . . .

PART FOUR

A projection of Hayter appears in the TARDIS, helping Stapley and Bilton to pilot the ship to the sanctum and free the Doctor's party. Preparations are made to take off in *Alpha-Charlie* with the passengers and crew from *Victor-Foxtrot*; the Doctor pilots the TARDIS back to the Concorde hold. The Master attempts to depart in his TARDIS – disguised as *Victor-Foxtrot* – but Stapley's earlier sabotage resulted in him taking the wrong circuits from the Doctor's ship. The Master and the Doctor strike a deal to exchange the circuits vital for both TARDISes as the crew ready *Alpha-Charlie* for departure.

The hand-over is made and the Master leaves – but the Doctor has built a program into the temporal limiter which will send him to Heathrow after they arrive.

The Concorde makes its way back along the time curve to the 1980s – and the TARDIS materialises on a roof at Heathrow. While Tegan wanders around, the Doctor and Nyssa ensure that the Master's TARDIS is deflected back to Xeriphas, where the Xeraphin stand a chance of flourishing. Wishing to evade airport security, the Doctor and Nyssa say a hurried goodbye to Stapley and his crew; Tegan arrives to see the Police Box fading away. Stapley says he thought she would be going with them. "So did I," replies Tegan.

In Production

A matter of perspective: the cast find their marks on the panoramic Heath set

BBC employee Peter Grimwade, a production assistant on the *Doctor Who* stories *Spearhead From Space*, *The Dæmons*, *Robot*, *Pyramids of Mars*, *The Robots of Death* and *Horror of Fang Rock*, had also authored scripts for *Z Cars*. He later trained to become a director, one of his early assignments being BBC Scotland's paranormal series *The Omega Factor* in 1979. Now a freelance writer/director, Grimwade submitted a couple of unsolicited story ideas to the *Doctor Who* office early in 1980 – a time when the series' new production team, script editor Christopher Bidmead and producer John Nathan-Turner, were desperately seeking fresh writers. Nathan-Turner had been a friend of Grimwade's since they had worked together on *All Creatures Great and Small*; Bidmead duly invited Grimwade in for a chat.

Bidmead liked one of Grimwade's ideas, which concerned the rogue spirit of an alien race being dominated by another force; this other presence was to have created a monstrous creature which it was using to manipulate and control the aliens. That day, Bidmead was required to travel to Heathrow Airport to collect something; Grimwade accompanied him, the pair continuing their talk on the Tube. Wandering around the Concorde check-in desks at Heathrow inspired another story element, with the supersonic plane being considered a suitable device to bring Grimwade's alien idea into the 'real' world – one which would make a nice contrast to the Doctor's old TARDIS, too. Grimwade also rather fancied a ride on Concorde . . .

LOCATION Heathrow Airport

Peter Grimwade's scripts for *Xeraphin* were originally written for a non-specific "London Airport", later revised to name Heathrow – a major airport to the west of London which had been in operation since 1930. Taken over by the RAF during the World War Two, the site was re-opened for commercial use and massively expanded in the mid-1950s.

The *Doctor Who* team gained clearances from both Heathrow and the British Airport Authority to film at the airport. British Airways also granted permission to shoot aboard one of its £30 million Concordes, seeing the show as a major opportunity for product placement. At least one Concorde was always on standby or in for maintenance.

Concorde was the world's first commercial supersonic airliner. Although a Bell XS-1 had broken the sound barrier for the United States Air Force in October 1947, it had taken until 1968 for the first supersonic transporter – the Russian Tupolev Tu-144 – to be developed. Concorde, a joint venture by the governments of both France and Britain, had been instigated in 1962; the plane made its maiden flight from Toulouse in early 1969. It had a maximum cruising speed of Mach 2.04 or over 1,300 mph. In January 1976, Concorde became the world's first regular supersonic passenger service on British Airways flights between London and Bahrain.

Under the working title *Zanadin* – the result of Nathan-Turner, Bidmead and Grimwade sitting in a pub, trying to devise an intentionally strange title – a four-part storyline was formally commissioned from Grimwade on Friday 14 March 1980; the writer was expected to deliver by the following Friday. Entitled *Xeraphin*, the outline – a contender for the final slot in Season 18 – was prepared by Grimwade on Monday 17 and formally delivered on Monday 24.

In the storyline, which featured Tom Baker's Fourth Doctor, the villain is being manipulated by the Xeraphin race while attempting to control a rogue Xeraphin spirit. It is possible that the airport setting led in part to the creation in July of the air stewardess character Tegan – prior to Bidmead storylining and scripting *Logopolis*, the serial which would ultimately both introduce the character and conclude the season.

By this time, Nathan-Turner had decided to hire Grimwade to direct *The Planet That Slept* (later *Full Circle*) between May and October 1980. Consequently, Grimwade's storyline was put on temporary hold, pending Nathan-Turner obtaining a provisional agreement from British Airways to allow both the use of a Concorde for filming and location shooting at Heathrow – neither of which had ever been granted a television drama series before. Nathan-Turner knew that either would be a major coup.

Summer 1980 saw various changes being made to the series' format. By now, Tom Baker was leaving the series and new companions Adric and Tegan were being introduced. Bidmead was simultaneously writing the Fourth Doctor's swansong and commissioning scripts for the Fifth Doctor's first season; the villainous Master was to be re-introduced in a trilogy of stories bridging the Doctor's regeneration. Once free of *Full Circle*, Grimwade could be commissioned to write his scripts while undertaking pre-production work as director of *Logopolis*.

While researching his scripts, Grimwade was allowed by the Heathrow authorities to try out a Concorde flight simulator. He intended the story to have a strong supernatural element, developing the concept of a Xeraphin world within prehistoric Earth, where two dimensions impinged upon each other. Concorde's passengers were to be shown as hysterical and traumatised as 'Heathrow' peeled back to show their actual location. In the second episode, the companions would embark upon effectively a spiritual journey, with the hallucinations conjured up to menace them forcing them onwards in their quest to find the Xeraphin. Grimwade was asked to include the Master in his scripts; the character was to feature on a semi-regular basis, and his inclusion more-or-less replaced the manifestation of the Xeraphin rogue spirit. It was planned that actor Anthony Ainley would feature as the Master in two serials per year for three years, with his other appearance in Season 19 being the new Doctor's debut story (at this point *Project Zeta-Sigma* by John Flanagan and Andrew McCulloch).

The stars do their bit for "the world's favourite airline"

Captain Stapley returns the TARDIS team to 'Heathrow' . . .

> **'I wanted to contrast the creaky TARDIS with the supersonic Concorde. I wanted a free flight too!'**
>
> **Peter Grimwade**

Reverting to the working title *Zanadin*, the four scripts were formally commission on Monday 22 September for delivery by Thursday 20 November; during this period it was decided to retain the character of Nyssa from *The Keeper of Traken* as another new companion. Drafts of *Xeraphin* Parts One and Two were delivered on Monday 1 December, followed by Parts Three and Four on Thursday 4; shortly afterwards, Grimwade began location filming on *Logopolis*, which was in production through to early February 1981. Bidmead's temporary replacement, Antony Root, formally accepted *Xeraphin* on Monday 9 February – the production office acknowledging that rewrites would be fitted around Grimwade's directing commitments. Grimwade was provisionally scheduled to direct *The Kinda* between June and September 1981 – and, by April 1981, *Xeraphin* was firmly rooted in the BBC Drama Listings for the new season. Planned as the last story of the run, it would not be made until January/February 1982; the new lead, Peter Davison, was required to record six episodes of *Sink or Swim* in summer 1982,

Camera rehearsals in the Control Centre Office

which pushed all the stories from Serial 5Y back by one slot, causing an overspill into the New Year.

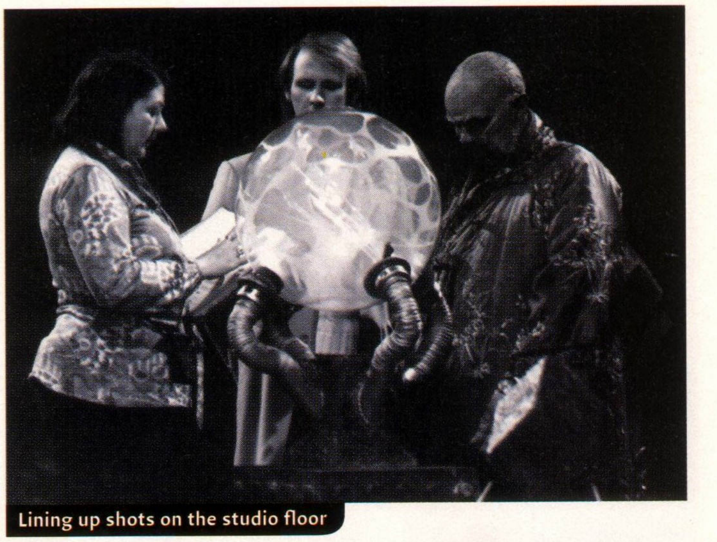
A further requirement given to Grimwade was the need for Tegan to appear to leave at the end of the serial. In February, it had been decided that the character of Adric would be written out in the penultimate serial of the new season, *The Enemy Within* by Christopher Priest. However, both Tegan and Nyssa were to be retained. Although Nathan-Turner felt that the fake cliffhanger showing Tegan being apparently left behind was fun, it also meant that she could be written out at this juncture if the character was not working.

The new script editor, Eric Saward, found *Xeraphin* very awkward to edit, and he had to work with Grimwade on it a great deal. After the heavy use of the Master in the three regeneration serials, Saward hoped that the character would finally be killed off in Grimwade's story.

Part One's rehearsal script began with a group of excited Americans in the cockpit of Speedbird Concorde 194, eagerly taking photographs of themselves in front of the Mach Meter. When discussing the destination for a holiday, the Doctor suggests the opening day of the Great Exhibition at Crystal Palace in London (this was in fact 1 May 1851, when 14,000 exhibitors from 34 nations attended an event which was the brainchild of Queen's Consort Prince Albert). The Doctor also mentions wanting to catch a few overs at Lords, the famous cricket ground; among the cricketers he hopes to see are the Sussex fast bowler John Wisden, the Kent batsman Fuller Pilch and Alfred Mynn, the legendary "Lion of Kent".

In Part One's script, the Doctor states that his ship went out of control because it was caught in the wash of another time vehicle. Directions also indicated that the TARDIS should land beside a news-stand or similar promising details of some amazing cricketing development. Nyssa and Tegan's dialogue about Police Boxes is missing the reference to 'flower power', with Tegan stating: "This is 1982." The second Concorde was originally *Golf-Alpha-Zulu* (not *Golf-Alpha-Charlie*); Tegan says she saw Concorde on the tarmac at Sydney, not Melbourne. The joke about the Concorde's storage bay being "smaller on the inside" – an homage to the cliché about the TARDIS – was a late addition.

The Doctor refers to both UNIT and Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart when talking to airport security; Nyssa also recalls the TARDIS landing on its side in *Castrovalva* (which had replaced *Project Zeta-Sigma* as Davison's debut) when the Doctor activates the ship's Automatic Reconfiguring Control in Part One. Another continuity reference had the Doctor remarking that he could still do with his scarf on the freezing prehistoric landscape. This section of the story was originally set 300 million years in the past; this later became 140 million years ago, with the plain described as a "primordial tract of land".



Lining up shots on the studio floor

In Part Two's script, when Stapley attempts to restore Bilton's memory, it was suggested that film of the Concorde flight deck could be superimposed. The setting for this scene was the Circus: "A circular ambulatory which is in fact the perimeter of a sealed chamber. A number of narrow corridors lead outwards like spokes from the centre of a wheel." Later, Nyssa and Tegan encounter two illusory creatures from previous adventures: the first is Melkur, referred to as "The statue of Traken", which Nyssa explains had killed her father in *The Keeper of Traken*; the second is a Terileptil from Saward's *The Visitation*, which originally fired a gun at the girls.

The Master's escape from Castrovalva was briefly alluded to in Part Three. In dialogue, Hayter hopes that the passengers will not be averse to finish breaking into the sanctum once they have been 'unhypnotised'. The script also introduced the Xeraphin, Anithon and Zarak, whom Grimwade emphasised were the race's "ego and id". Anithon was described as a "figure of human size . . . [who] has a radiant and rather insubstantial quality"; the writer envisaged the pair as perfectly-formed Greek gods. In addition to the named Xeraphin – Kalistoran, Vaan and Mordal – the script mentioned the dark forces Alkarim and Zarindas.

In Part Four, the Doctor describes the Master's TARDIS as being knocked back to Xeriphas like "a croquet ball" (the Fifth Doctor's obsession with cricket was a late addition to his character). The Australian airline announcement named New South Wales Airlines, not Air Australia. Mention was made of one TARDIS materialising around another – as had happened in *Logopolis*.

Names of people and organisations in the scripts were checked during July, to ensure that none had real-life counterparts. 'Professor Hayter' and 'Darlington University' were both cleared, as were British Airways staff members 'Dave Culshaw', 'Andrew Bilton', 'Roger Tulley', 'Angela Clifford', 'Horton', 'Sheard' and 'Andrews'. However, the names of the two Concorde pilots – Captains 'Irving' and 'Rathbone' – were found to correspond to two real pilots, and had to be changed. On Wednesday 15, the Ministry of Defence indicated that neither it nor the Foreign Office had any objection to the Doctor's references to 'Department C19' and 'Sir John Sudbury' in Part One.

The first director approached to helm the serial was Andrew Morgan, who had

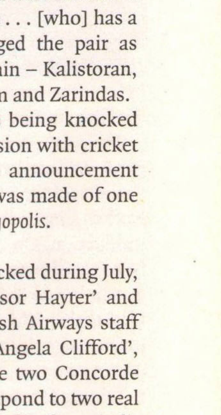
SCRIPTING Kalid and the Plasmatons

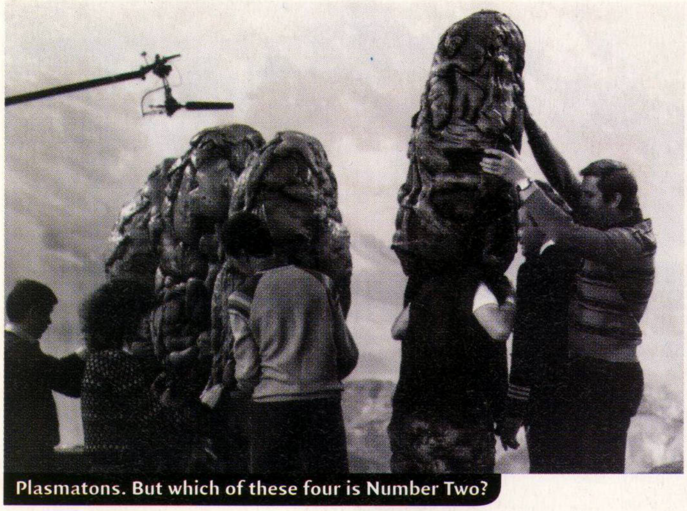
Kalid, the Master's alter ego, was originally conceived as inhabiting a stone castle with mediaeval furniture; in the scripts, he was described as a "tall Oriental figure with a dark saturnine face", speaking quasi-mystic phrases such as, "Sheraaz sheraaz turel. Baloor baloor" and, "Varram verram . . . Xorok namaan . . ."

Grimwade set the scene for the Plasmatons' first appearance thus: "A white shape is spinning in the air. It slowly descends. The substance splits up and forms into the Plasmatons. They are like life sized dolls with poorly defined limbs and blank features . . . The creatures coalesce into a writhing blob of white viscosity which engorges [Bilton and Scobie]. The white Plasmaton mass moves away as if nothing had happened."

In Part Two's script, Grimwade indicated that the Doctor is engulfed by a "sea of mucous". Nyssa suggests that "mitogenic radiation" is used to operate the Plasmaton mass; the Plasmaton creature later conjured up by Kalid was described as "embryonic".

When Kalid collapses at the end of Part Two, the Doctor originally explains: "He must have been a Plasmaton all the time . . ."





Plasmatons. But which of these four is Number Two?

worked on episodes of *Sutherland's Law*, *Secret Army* and *Blake's 7*. Morgan disliked the scripts for *Xeraphin*, which he was sent on Thursday 23 July – but while deciding whether or not to accept the project, he was approached to work on a new BBC drama series, *Squadron*, which he thought more exciting.

Xeraphin was sent to Heathrow for checking shooting arrangements on Wednesday 9 September; on Monday 21 BA was asked to check the suggested replacement names for Irving and Rathbone – 'Markham' and 'Stapley'. On Thursday 1 October, Ainley was booked to play the Master/Kalid.

Commenting on the scripts on Monday 12 October, Head of Drama David Reid asked Nathan-Turner to take care with the shots of disintegrating bodies, ensuring that these were not too frightening; he also doubted the producer would get a real Concorde to play with. The following day, Nathan-Turner replied to his superior that they would be filming with Concorde in the first week of 1982; the team had originally hoped to film at Heathrow before Christmas, allowing a full two-week rehearsal for the first studio session.

Left: designer Richard McManan-Smith with a scale model of his Heath set.
Right: preparing the Xeraphin spaceship model for a false perspective shot

Morgan's delay in formally notifying Nathan-Turner that he would rather work on *Squadron* came late in the day, and a replacement director had to be found rapidly. This was to be Ron Jones – a BBC production manager whom Nathan-Turner had given a break as a director on *Black Orchid*, which was then in production. On Tuesday 3 November, the producer formally asked for Jones to be released from his production management duties for the period of Monday 16 November to Friday 12 March – effectively going straight onto *Xeraphin* from *Black Orchid*. This was partly a reward for Jones' work on *Black Orchid* – although Jones was still inexperienced, and some of his judgements had caused lengthy over-runs.

Joining Jones were set designer Richard McManan-Smith, costume designer Amy Roberts, make-up designer Dorka Nieradzik and visual effects designer Peter Logan, all of whom had worked on the series before: McManan-Smith on *The Armageddon Factor* and *City of Death*; Roberts and Nieradzik on several stories since *Image of the Fendahl* and *The Leisure Hive* respectively; and Logan on *The Sun Makers*, *The Keeper of Traken* and *Kinda*.

A British Airways Public Relations Officer visited Television Centre on Thursday 12 to both attend a recording of *Earthshock* (the replacement for *The Enemy Within*, directed by Grimwade) and to meet with Nathan-Turner and his team in the Bridge Lounge to discuss the facilities required for filming. When it appeared that BA might not co-operate over Concorde, Nathan-Turner pretended that he was also in discussion with Air France – and BA soon agreed to provide the plane. Concerned that the prehistoric landscape would lack authenticity in the studio, Jones was disappointed to learn that only the Heathrow scenes could be filmed. The BBC Drama Early Warning Synopsis for *Xeraphin* was issued on Monday 23 November; the exact transmission dates were unknown. A planning meeting was held at Heathrow the following day.

During the second week of December, the title was changed from *Xeraphin* to *Time-Flight* (which was felt to be stronger), Final casting decisions were being made at this time, with the roles of Anithon and Zarak being among the last allocated. The main guest star was Nigel Stock as Professor Hayter; Nathan-Turner, who knew Stock from the BBC drama *Flesh and Blood*, had previously offered the actor other guest roles in *Doctor Who*. Acting since 1931, Stock had played Dr Watson in the two BBC Sherlock Holmes series of the 1960s; in the 1970s, his role in soap opera *The Doctors* led to a spin-off series based on his character, *Owen MD*. Richard Easton, who had featured in *The Brothers*, was cast as Captain Stapley, with Keith Drinkel and Michael Cashman (later of *EastEnders* fame) as fellow crewmembers Tulley and Bilton. It was originally intended that Judith Byfield, playing stewardess Angela Clifford, should also perform the voices of the sarcophagus, the Plasmaton mass and the Tannoy announcer; ultimately, Byfield only provided the Heathrow announcement voice. On Wednesday 2 December, Jones was told that Davison would be missing from rehearsals on the morning of Saturday 9 January because he was due to appear on BBC1's *Swap Shop*. The use of Heathrow Airport was formally agreed by contract on Thursday 17 December.

Saward was busy rewriting *Time-Flight* while Grimwade was in post-production on *Earthshock*. Changes made on Tuesday 22 included the Part One scenes in which Andrews and Horton discuss the situation, the Doctor meeting Andrews and security clearances being given the TARDIS crew. A Part Two scene in which Tegan and Nyssa encounter a hallucination of Adric was inserted partly to cover the surprise of the boy's death in *Earthshock*; it was clear that the issue of *Radio Times* containing cast details for *Time-Flight* Parts One and Two would be on sale before *Earthshock* Part Four was broadcast. Adric's inclusion was Nathan-Turner's idea; Grimwade liked the notion of the girls having to metaphorically kill Adric again by denying his existence.

By now, the opening scene had been rewritten to link into *Earthshock*; references were made to Adric's death, the freighter's crew and the Cyberfleet, as well as stating that the Doctor could not go back in time to save the boy. Grimwade and Saward made mention of Adric's debut serial *Full Circle* when the Doctor says: "Did he ever tell you about Varsh? It was on Alzarius when we were in E-Space. Varsh died bravely and saved a lot of other people's lives . . . For an Alzarian, there's no greater honour." Originally, Tegan admits: "He so angered me at times, but I shall miss him dreadfully."

Rewrites continued into the New Year. The Part One scene where *Golf-Alpha-Zulu* requests clearance to return to London was revised on Tuesday 5 January, along with Part Four scenes including the Doctor telling Stapley to ready Concorde for departure, Tulley and Nyssa examining the Concorde and discussions about an external power supply. While filming began at Heathrow, Saward made further changes the following day, restructuring some of the film material about getting Concorde airborne again in Part Four for studio.

Having last worked together on *Earthshock*, which had wrapped at the end of November, the regular cast – Davison, Janet Fielding and Sarah Sutton – re-assembled after the Christmas break for filming on Wednesday 6 January. The previous evening, Davison had recorded an appearance alongside his wife, Sandra Dickinson, on

COSTUMES The Plasmatons

The Plasmatons were later thought one of the most disappointing aspects of *Time-Flight*'s production. The costumes, made by freelance props firm UNIT 22, had been an attempt to break up the human shape, and not show actors inside.

Five costumes were constructed in expanded polyurethane. Effectively a pair of trousers with a sack fitting over the actor's torso, the result was an armless blob, with no clear means for the actors inside to see out; consequently, the Plasmatons could merely lumber back and forth on the spot and did not look at all threatening.

BBC1's *So You Think You Know What's Good for You?* (broadcast on Monday 11); his debut as the Doctor in *Castrovalva* Part One had aired on Monday 4.

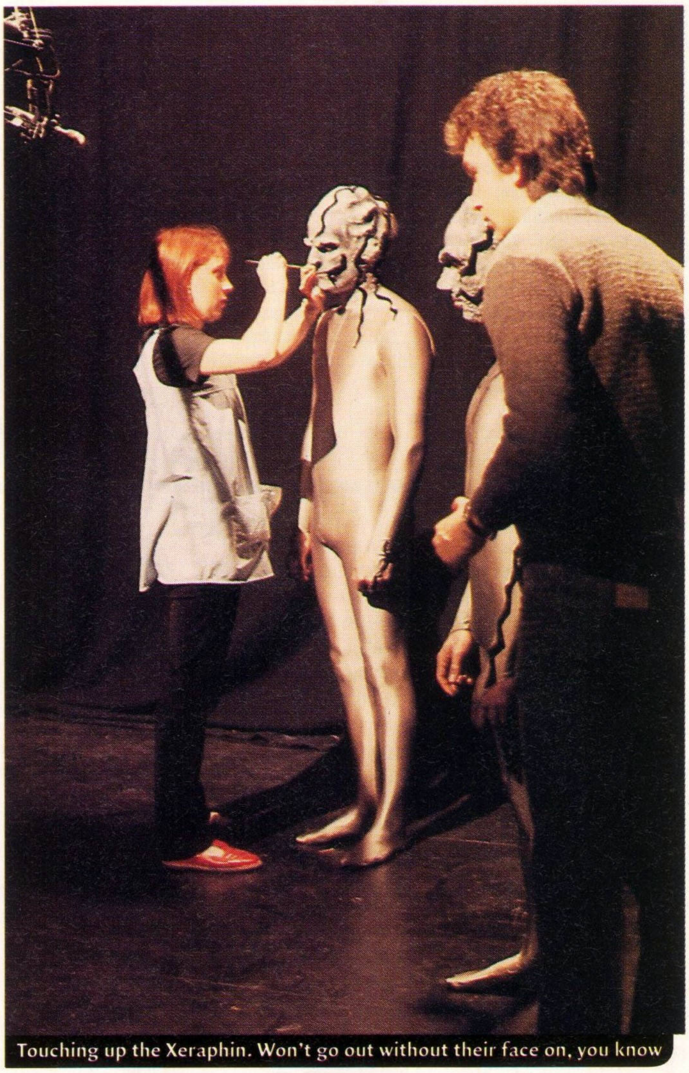
The opening pages of the *Time-Flight* film schedule read: "Welcome aboard Tardis Flight Delta – 222 – Tango from Heathrow to Heathrow and back." Cast and crew were warned not to wander off or obstruct airport activity: "Drama filming has never been allowed at Heathrow before: we are very much a test case. If all goes well, other units may be able to film there in future. If not . . .". The final page read: "We hope you have enjoyed your journey by TARDIS and will fly with us in future!"

Shooting on 16mm began on the balcony inside Heathrow's Terminal 1 Building for the sequences showing the TARDIS landed near a bookstall in Part One. The Part Four sequence where Tegan hears the Tannoy voice was filmed next (with Val McCrimmon, an assistant floor manager on *Doctor Who* since 1964, making another walk-on appearance, as in *Earthshock*), along with a shot of the terminal buildings as seen on the TARDIS scanner in Part One.

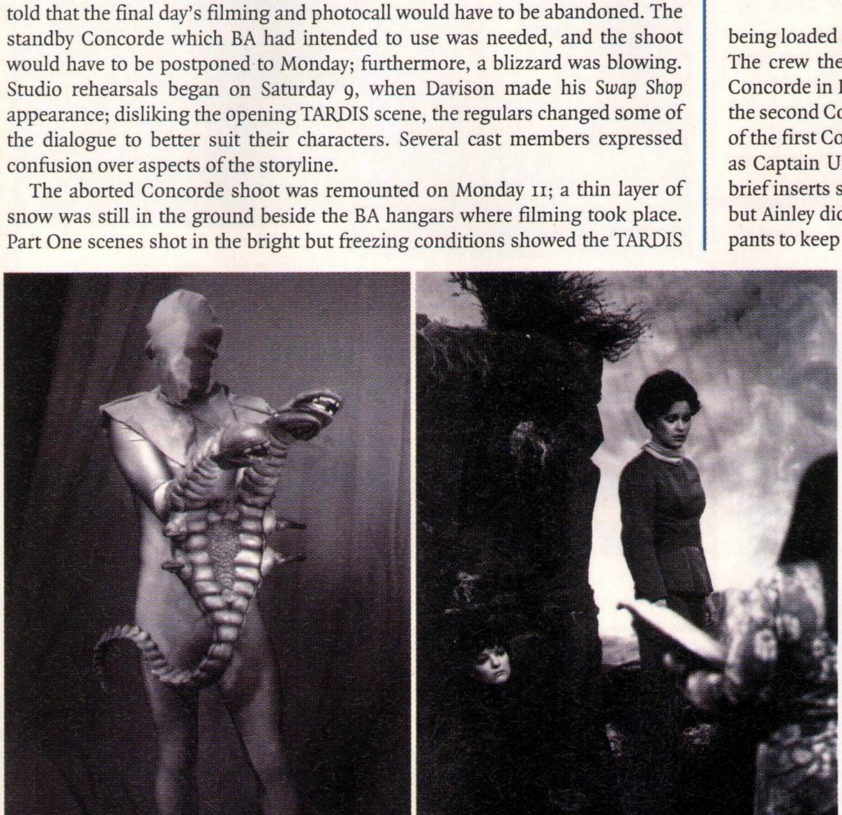
Thursday 7 was spent on the top level of the Terminal 3 car park, where the Part Four scenes showing the TARDIS on the Heathrow roof were shot. It had been known since September that Tegan would be returning for Season 20; Fielding was certain that she would be recontracted the following month when she filmed her *ersatz* farewell scene. The Concorde crew joined the team at this point; a BA representative was on hand to ensure that the three actors upheld the corporate image. By now, Tulley had been renamed 'Scobie'. Thereafter, a long shot of the nearby M4 motorway was filmed for use in a matte shot in Part One. The same day, Matthew Waterhouse was contracted for his brief appearance as Adric in Part Two.

> **'The idea was of a quest – the Pilgrim's Progress. It actually happened as a wander through Studio 4!'**
>
> **Peter Grimwade**

Early the following morning, Nathan-Turner and Jones were telephoned to be told that the final day's filming and photocall would have to be abandoned. The standby Concorde which BA had intended to use was needed, and the shoot would have to be postponed to Monday; furthermore, a blizzard was blowing. Studio rehearsals began on Saturday 9, when Davison made his *Swap Shop* appearance; disliking the opening TARDIS scene, the regulars changed some of the dialogue to better suit their characters. Several cast members expressed confusion over aspects of the storyline.


Touching up the Xeraphin. Won't go out without their face on, you know

The aborted Concorde shoot was remounted on Monday 11; a thin layer of snow was still in the ground beside the BA hangars where filming took place. Part One scenes shot in the bright but freezing conditions showed the TARDIS being loaded aboard Concorde, plus the Doctor's party returning to 'Heathrow'. The crew then moved inside the plane for flight deck scenes on the second Concorde in Parts One and Four, followed by a scene showing Tegan at work in the second Concorde in Part Four. Finally, the scenes in the flight deck and cabin of the first Concorde were performed, along with a voice recording of John Flint as Captain Urquhart (formerly Irving). It had also been planned to shoot two brief inserts showing the Master on the steps of the first Concorde in Part Four, but Ainley did not attend the rescheduled filming. Fielding had to wear thermal pants to keep warm on the day, and Sutton loathed the conditions. The Concorde photocall grabbed some press attention the following day in papers including *The Times* – whereas the BBC's internal magazine *Ariel* used the publicity shots on its cover. BA also provided 11 minutes of Concorde film entitled *Speedbird* for the BBC to use; this formed most of the opening montage of the vanishing airliner.


Left: the 'dragon', shot against CSO drapes. Right: Sutton and Fielding wait their cue

As rehearsals continued at Acton, so did rewrites. New material, discussing the Master's penetration of the sanctum, was added to Part Three on Tuesday 12. Other aspects of the episode which were extended were Angela persuading the passengers back to work, the Master confronting Stapley inside the TARDIS and a major rewrite around the discovery of the Xeraphin.

Recording of *Time-Flight* began with a two-day session in TC8 from Tuesday 19 January; this was attended by a party from **Doctor Who Monthly**. The first evening's recording, between 7.30 and 10pm, centred on scenes set on the large jablite Heath. Work started with the flash charge explosion heralding the Doctor's party finding themselves in the primeval plain. Dry ice doubled as mist; this first shot was ruined by a member of the crew walking across the backdrop. A great deal of time was lost because of problems with the prop wheel (built by Bill King Trading Post) which featured in the scene where Scobie checks the undercarriage; this 16-second shot took ten minutes to record, with the crew playing the BA advertising jingle *We'll Take More Care of You* into studio after several minutes' struggling by Drinkel. The materialisation of the Master's TARDIS – still in the form of a Greek column, as per *Logopolis* and *Castrovalva* –

EDITING

Editing on *Time-Flight* took place between Thursday 11 and Sunday 21 February 1982. Some minor trims were made to Part One's Heathrow scenes: in the boardroom, Sheard says that they are still in touch with Search and Rescue, and that there was no NATO exercise in the area where *Victor-Foxtrot* vanished; later, Andrews and Horton discuss the fact that the Doctor is with the Senior Airport Duty Officer. There was also an unused film sequence, where Stapley and Bilton discuss the strange mission they are about to embark upon: Bilton questions the Whitehall's wisdom in allowing "a lunatic" to use another Concorde; Stapley asks his First Officer if he wants to be busted back to the 747, because of the political implications of a loss of confidence in Concorde – and says that if an idiot in Whitehall sponsors a lunatic to keep Concorde in service, he will go along with it: "We've a winner in this craft. And if the Doctor can save the 192 as he says."

As it turned out, the formerly under-running Part Three needed various cuts to bring it down to time. A scene in which Angela becomes aware of the hypnotic power in the 'Circus' was removed, plus a short scene showing Angela wandering along a corridor, an insert showing the Master entering his TARDIS and a model shot of the TARDIS hovering above the citadel.

was achieved, as usual, via roll-back-and-mix; a split-screen shot allowed the Concorde passengers to walk 'into' it in Part Four. CSO-effected model shots showed the TARDIS hovering above the citadel in Part Three. Lighting problems were encountered as the Part Two scenes showing Nyssa being attacked by the plasma mass were taped. Due to technical difficulties, many of the Heath shots were postponed until the next day.

Taping on Wednesday 20 began with an afternoon session between 2.30 to 5.15pm. Work picked up on the Heath scenes, and soon the wide angle matte inserts of the landscape were recorded. Various scenes involving the Master's TARDIS were remounted from the previous evening. There were problems both with the roll-back-and-mix effect used as the Plasmatons kidnap Scobie and Bilton, and again later in the afternoon for the recording of the Part One cliffhanger. CSO and dry ice were used for the time-consuming shots of Nyssa trapped in the plasma; here, shots of Easton and Fielding were recorded against a green CSO drape. However, the crew had more-or-less caught up, managing to complete almost all of the Heath material by the end of the afternoon. Insert shots showed the skeletons seen by Nyssa in Part One, plus the model Concorde and the Xeraphin spaceship. Two spaceship props were used on the Heath set; the two Concorde miniatures were standard display models as seen in travel agencies.

The evening session started with model shots of the citadel and the M4, as seen across the landscape in Part One. The Control Centre Office scenes for Parts One and Four were recorded next, followed by the other Heathrow scenes in both the corridor and in Air Traffic Control; the BBC Graphics Department offered radar sweep film for use in these. The final hour of the studio session was spent on CSO effects, such as the plasma and smoke appearing from nowhere and the sequence in which the Doctor's party believe they are back at Heathrow. After this, film of Concorde taking off was merged via CSO with a shot of the Heath set for Part Four's take-off. The night concluded on the green CSO area, with both Sutton and Davison being placed into 'plasma' shots for Part Two. However, it seems that some material was not completed to the production team's satisfaction; Nathan-Turner arranged for an extra evening in studio to be allocated to the production on Sunday 24.

Rehearsals resumed at Acton on Thursday 21. Meanwhile, Saward and Grimwade were still struggling with the script. On Monday 25, Saward asked Grimwade to submit an extra seven minutes of material for Part Three, which was substantially under-running. Wednesday 27 saw an extension of the TARDIS scenes in which Stapley and Bilton watch the Master and sabotage the ship, the addition of a new corridor scene for the Doctor's party and an extension to all the later scenes in the sarcophagus. Other new sequences included a couple of scenes showing Angela falling under the hypnotic influence and wandering around the corridors, as well as the Master preparing his induction loops. Further script amendments on Thursday 28 extended existing scenes of Bilton and Stapley trying to handle the TARDIS, with more explanation being given at the excavation site as to the background of the Xeraphin.

The second studio session – also in TC8 – ran from Monday 1 to Wednesday 3 February. Evening recording of all the TARDIS Control Room and Corridor scenes was planned for the first day. Unfortunately, an entire hour was lost due to the incorrect setting of the TARDIS set. As usual, CSO was used for the ship's scanner screen.

Tuesday 2 saw afternoon and evening recording. Scenes in the Concorde Hold were taped first, scheduled around the presence of the TARDIS prop. After this came all the corridor scenes in the citadel for Parts Two and Three, including the cameos by Adric, the Terileptil (a costume from *The Visitation*) and the Melkur (operated by Graham Cole, who had played the part in *The Keeper of Traken*). Recording concluded with the scenes in the Circus for Parts Two to Four. The same day, promotional material for *Time-Flight* was issued, noting the use of Concorde.

Davison poses for a Marvel snapper

Circuit to me: the Doctor drops into the inverted TARDIS

> **'We had a great time making it – hysterics from beginning to end because it was so cheap!'**
>
> **Peter Davison**

The final studio day also called for both afternoon and evening taping, and was again attended by **DWM**. Most of the scenes in Kalid's Quarters were recorded around Ainley's costume changes, the actor starting out in full Kalid garb. In addition to the padded body costume, Ainley wore a three-part mask cast from his own face, and found his speech hampered by fangs specially crafted by a Harley Street dentist; nevertheless, he delighted in trying to cause Davison to 'corpse'. CSO was used for the attack by the Plasmaton 'Beast' creature, a two-headed, soft foam puppet operated by UNIT 22 designer and builder, Richard Gregory; briefly considered as a full costume, this was given to Gregory by Nathan-Turner as a 'thank you' for his work on the *Earthshock* Cybermen. Following Kalid's collapse at the end of Part Two, Ainley wore another version of the mask through which green ooze could be pumped via concealed pipes.

The regulars find inner peace in the Inner Sanctum

Part Three's Kalid Quarters scenes, with Ainley as the Master, were recorded next, before moving to the Sanctum set. CSO was used to superimpose the two Xeraphin from the drape area, while roll-back-and-mix made the sarcophagus appear to vanish; as Anithon and Zarak, André Winterton and Hugh Hayes wore grey satin catsuits and three-piece masks. Further shots of the model TARDIS were recorded as the final session of the season started to over-run the 10pm deadline. By 10.37pm, all the effects shots of the model column and shots blending studio elements with film on CSO had been achieved.

With recording over, a season wrap party was held in the Television Centre basement. For Davison, Sutton and Fielding, it was the start of a seven-week break before filming began on the next season's *Snakedance*. None of the team was particularly happy with *Time-Flight*. Davison thought the story was overly complex, and the studio-confined result looked cheap and dull; it also helped him decide to only do the show for three years. Grimwade was disappointed, feeling that Jones had misunderstood the script. Saward, too, felt the direction was flat.

The first of two gallery-only sessions to add electronic effects to the serial was held in TC6 on Monday 8 February, with the other on Monday 1 March; effects included the use of Quantel and a colour synth, as well as composing various elements for CSO shots (for example, the TARDIS screen, Kalid's globe and the Plasmatons). It was also decided to credit Anthony Ainley as 'Leon Ny Taiy' – an anagram of 'Tony Ainley', as with *Castrovalva* – on Part One, the better to keep the Master's alias as Kalid secret.

A vocoder was used to treat Ainley's dialogue as Kalid. Winterton recorded the Plasmaton voices at Maida Vale studios on Tuesday 2 March. The incidental score for the serial was realised at Maida Vale by Roger Limb, who had scored several stories since *The Keeper of Traken*. The 33-minute soundtrack included elements of the Nyssa theme Limb had composed for her debut serial in Part Two. For the Kalid scenes, Limb used a bell plate from the BBC Symphony Orchestra store to create a 'gong' sound. The episodes were dubbed for transmission between Friday 26 February and Saturday 27 February; Part Four was only completed days before broadcast.

The *Daily Mirror* ran an item on the show to coincide with Part One's broadcast on Monday 22 March; this concentrated on Adric's cameo appearance. In terms of ITV competition, the Monday episodes ran against the local news, the popular soap opera *Crossroads* and *Nature Watch* – whereas on Tuesdays, *Doctor Who* was in competition with *Give us a Clue*. As usual for the season, BBC Cymru ran the serial on Mondays and Wednesdays in a 7.45pm slot, having scheduled *Heddiw* in place of the network transmission; in Wales, *Doctor Who* replaced network broadcasts of *The Rockford Files* and *The Wednesday Film*. *Earthshock*'s high ratings continued into the first episode of *Time-Flight*, with ten million people tuning in; there was then a rapid slump for the rest of the serial.

Grimwade novelised his scripts as *Doctor Who: Time-Flight*, reinstating several elements lost during rewrites. The decaying corpses seen by Nyssa were revealed to be Xeraphin bodies killed by radiation poisoning, with the object in the sarcophagus being the race's cerebellum. The concept of Kalid being a synthetic person made of Plasmaton material and acting as a focus for the evil Xeraphin was also emphasised. The hardback was published by WH Allen in January 1983, with a photographic cover showing Davison with Concorde. The paperback was published the following April, and introduced a numbering system for the Target *Doctor Who* range, starting with Book No 74; the paperback was also included in 1983's *The Fourth Doctor Who Gift Set*.

Time-Flight was sold overseas to countries including: Australia (where it was screened in June 1982); New Zealand (in August and September 1983, with a repeat in November 1988); North America (where it also airs as a 90-minute TV movie); and Holland (broadcast in March 1986 under the title *Tijdvlucht*). In addition to the digital D3 copies of each episode held by the BBC, a recording spool catalogued against Part Two is retained by the BBC Archives. UK Gold broadcast the serial in July 1994 and has aired a compilation version several times since September 1994. With a photomontage cover by Black Sheep, *Time-Flight* was released on VHS by BBC Video in July 2000. DWM

SERIAL 6C **TIME-FLIGHT**

CAST **Peter Davison** *The Doctor* with **John Flint** *Captain Urquhart* [1], **Peter Dahlsen** *Horton* [1,4], **Judith Byfield** *Angela Clifford* [1-3], **Sarah Sutton** *Nyssa*, **Janet Fielding** *Tegan*, **Brian McDermott** *Sheard* [1,4], **Peter Cellier** *Andrews* [1], **Richard Easton** *Captain Stapley*, **Michael Cashman** *First Officer Bilton*, **Keith Drinkel** *Flight Engineer Scobie*, **Leon Ny Taiy** *Kalid* [1]*, **Nigel Stock** *Professor Hayter* [2-4], **Matthew Waterhouse** *Adric* [2], **Anthony Ainley** *The Master* [2-4], **Hugh Hayes** *Anithon* [3], **André Winterton** *Zarak* [3].
*Pseudonym for Anthony Ainley on Part One and combined *Radio Times* cast for Parts One/Two.

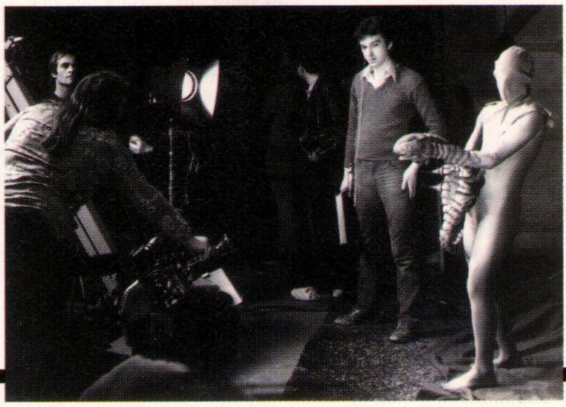
EXTRAS **Richard Bonehill** *Flight Engineer*; **David Rogue** *First Officer*; **Barney Lawrence** *Air Steward Dave Culshaw*; **Kevin O'Brien** *Photographer*; **John Dair, Jack Horton** *Americans*; **Leslie Adams, Leslie Weekes, Richard Atherton, Simon Joseph, Jim Morris, Charles Milward, Brychan Powell, Edward Fraser** *Businessmen Passengers*; **Liz D'Estere** *Girlfriend of Photographer*; **Beverley Jennings, Jackie Noble, Hazel Cave, Maggie Pilleau, Jay Roberts** *Lady Passengers*; **Judith Byfield** *Tannoy Voice*; **Tommy Winward** *Security Man*; **Reg Woods, Ridgewell Hawkes, John Cannon, Steve Ismay** *Security Guards*; **Ron Gregory** *Chief Terminal Duty Officer*; **James Muir, Pat Gorman** *Policemen*; **Ken Sedd, Douglas Stark** *Management*; **Clark Stephens** *First Officer*; **Clark Stephens, George Romanov, Tony Snell, Dan Long, Lionel Sansby, Alison McGuire, Jane Bough** *Passengers*; **Graham Jarvis, Martin Grant, Steve Fideli, Chris Holmes, Giles Melville, Paul Heasman, Mykel Mills** *Plasmatons*; **André Winterton** *Plasmaton Voice*; **Tim Oldroyd, Sylvia Holmes, Ann Higgins, Gary Dean** *Passengers*; **Graham Cole** *Melkur*; **Chris Bradshaw** *Terileptil*; **Richard Gregory** *Dragon Puppeteer*; **Graham Jarvis** *Passenger*; **Fred Reford** *Male Passenger*; **Val McCrimmon** *Female Passenger*; **Derek Suthern, Les Conrad** *Policemen*.

CREDITS *Written by* **Peter Grimwade**. *Incidental Music* **Roger Limb**. *Special Sound* **Dick Mills**. *Production Manager* **Liz Mace**. *Production Associate* **Angela Smith**. *Production Assistant* **Joan Elliott**. *Assistant Floor Manager* **Lynn Richards**. *Film Cameraman* **Peter Chapman** [1,4]. *Film Sound* **John Gatland** [1,4]. *Film Editor* **Mike Houghton** [1,4]. *Visual Effects Designer* **Peter Logan**. *Video Effects* **Dave Chapman**. *Vision Mixer* **Nigel Finnis**. *Technical Manager* **Peter Granger**. *Senior Cameraman* **Alec Wheal**. *Videotape Editor* **Rod Waldron**. *Studio Lighting* **Eric Wallis**. *Studio Sound* **Martin Ridout**. *Costume Designer* **Amy Roberts**. *Make-up Designer* **Dorka Nieradzik**. *Script Editor* **Eric Saward**. *Title Sequence* **Sid Sutton**. *Designer* **Richard McManan-Smith**. *Producer* **John Nathan-Turner**. *Director* **Ron Jones**. *BBC © 1982*

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Rating (Chart pos)	App index
Part One	22 March 1982	6.55-7.20pm	24'56"	10.0M (26th)	–
Part Two	23 March 1982	7.05-7.30pm	24'58"	8.5M (48th)	–
Part Three	29 March 1982	6.55-7.20pm	24'29"	8.9M (46th)	–
Part Four	30 March 1982	6.50-7.15pm	24'30"	8.1M (64th)	–

BBC Cymru broadcast Time-Flight on 22, 24, 29 and 31 March 1982 (7.45-8.10pm)



THE TIME TEAM

Their missio Doctor Who. In order. From the start.

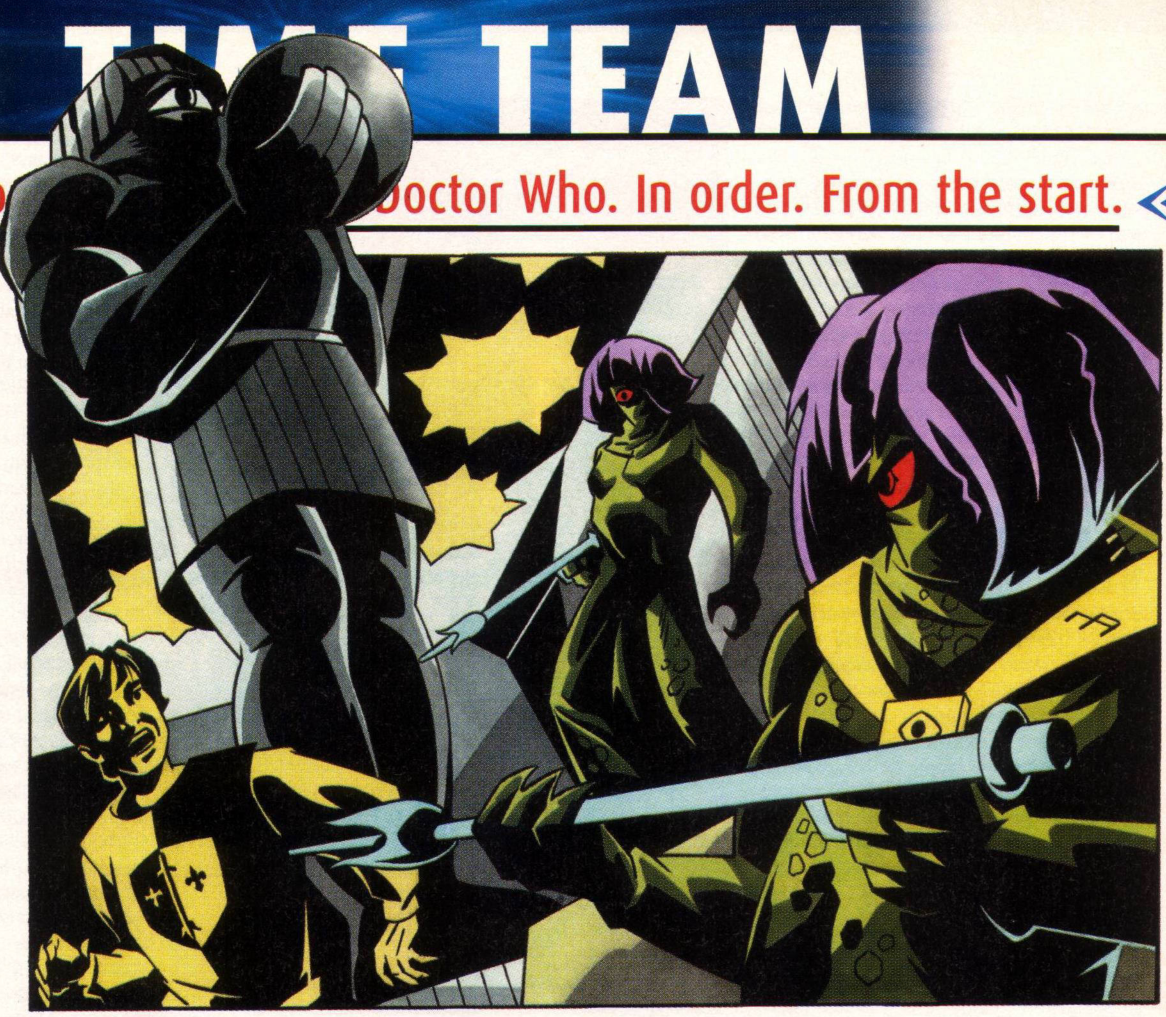
Peter

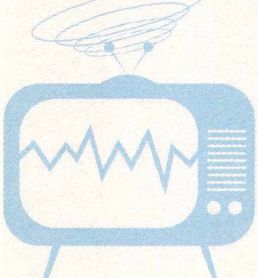
Richard

Clayton

Jac

Compiled by Gary Gillatt
Illustration by Adrian Salmon





EPISODES 105 TO 112

Clayton has moved into a sumptuous new flat in South London, which – aside from the strange man who stands in the street outside shouting about Jesus and the Final Revelation – seems an ideal *Time Team*ing venue. Clay's new flatmate works for a DVD magazine, so later in the afternoon we'll get to watch the end of the world on the biggest, widest telly in Christendom. The man in the street certainly hasn't predicted that.

Of course, all this religious high anxiety forms an appropriate backdrop to our first episode of the day – *Priest of Death*, the penultimate instalment of *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*.

Steven is being tossed by fate in 16th century Paris. Ecumenicism is out of the French window as all-out war brews between the Catholic state and Protestant rebels. The Doctor is either missing, or posing as the lookalike Abbot of Amboise – a sinister old git who's co-plotting the assassination of the visiting Admiral de Coligny (even Steven doesn't know which). This small sub-plot forms our main talking point, and already there's disagreement . . .

Jac: "It's nice to see that Hartnell's performance as the Abbot is so different from his Doctor. With all the usual *hmm*-ing and *hah*-ing, you tend to forget he's actually a good actor."

"It's true that Hartnell's turn as the Abbot is more assured," replies Clay cautiously, "but it's not a *million* miles away from his regular performance. I haven't noticed much of that 'icy menace' people talk about in relation to the part . . ."

But what's this? The Abbot – dead? Richard is impressed: "Viewers must have been thinking the same as Steven – that the Abbot is really the Doctor play-acting. It must have made the Abbot's death quite shocking." A general criticism is that the production team missed a trick by not allowing Hartnell to play a lingering death scene on screen. That, it is agreed, would have been 'A Laugh'.

Both action and interest increase with the final episode, *Bell of Doom*. With the Doctor still absent, Peter Purves' Steven remains the undisputed star of the show. "Oh, poor Steven," sighs Jac. "You really feel for him, 'cos it seems like such a hopeless situation. Peter Purves is *so* excellent in this. All he needs is good material and he's a great leading man."

Steven, lost in an era not his own, has no idea of the slaughter that St Bartholomew's Eve will bring. The Doctor, however, is better informed: "It's lovely how the Doctor has a sudden urgent motivation to get out of Paris as soon as he realises what the date is," comments Richard.

CLICHÉ COUNTERS

Deaths on screen so far	00131
One or more regulars rendered unconscious	00030
One or more regulars incarcerated	00044

No-one can stop the impending carnage, and even Tavannes – who perhaps more than anyone is responsible for the growing unrest – is chastened. "Rather a noble baddy, Tavannes," reflects Richard. "He's quite happy to kill people if it'll avert a Protestant France, but he seems genuinely horrified by the prospect of a roused mob killing the innocent. And that line – 'At dawn tomorrow, this city will weep tears of blood!' – fabulous!"

It's a depressing conclusion. "It's a bit like *The Myth Makers*," laments Jac. "Nearly all the characters we care about are dead by the end. As far as *Doctor Who* is concerned, history certainly ain't what it used to be."

When Steven discovers the likely fate of his Hugenot friend Anne Chaplette, he storms out of the TARDIS – seemingly forever. Everyone agrees it's a *great* leaving scene.

Alone in the TARDIS for the first time, the Doctor reflects on his own life choices. "Hartnell's speech here is utterly beautiful," says Clay. He may not have been in the story a great deal but his performance in *The Massacre* is among his best ever. He suddenly seems so terribly old . . ."

Blam! The quiet of the moment is shattered as a young girl – seemingly from Bolton or St Helen's or somewhere else north-by-northwesterly – blunders into the TARDIS looking for a phone, and annoys the heck out of everyone in moments. Perversely, the Doctor takes an instant shine to this irksome newcomer – Dodo, who's hoping to phone for an ambulance for a little boy lying injured on Wimbledon Common.

"What's all this guff about policemen

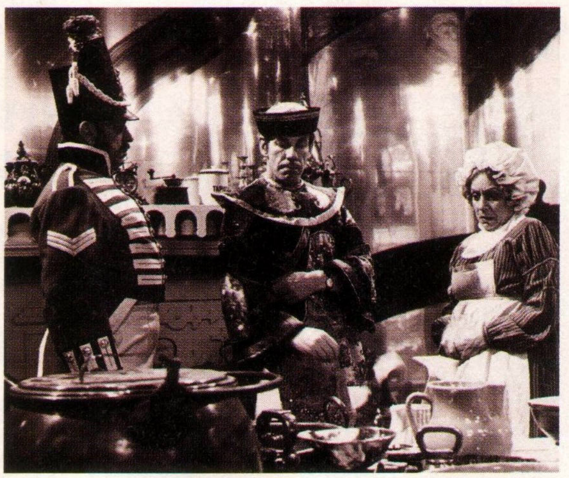
approaching the TARDIS?" says an obviously disappointed Richard. "It's a poor excuse for Steven to come back after he's left so dramatically – and it's an even worse one for the Doctor to kidnap Dodo."

Steven's black mood lifts in a second, and the Doctor reverses equally neatly from the precipice of his own despair. There's a new lady in their lives and this is no time for sadness. Perhaps they won't kill this one. "But what about the little boy?" wails Clayton. "He didn't get his ambulance. Do we add him to the 'Deaths' bit of the Cliché Counter?"

Off into space – and onto video – for *The Steel Sky*, part one of *The Ark*. "Call the RSPCA!" shouts Peter as a floor manager flings a large bird at an unsuspecting lizard in the opening scene. However, even stranger things are afoot in the forest as a one-eyed alien blinks (winks?) into camera. "What a brilliant monster!" coos Richard. "I bet that opening shot scared the hell out of the kids! It's just a little unfortunate that they walk as if they've got piles . . ."

Speaking of flightless birds and haemorrhoids, here's Dodo and the Doctor. She seems to be trying a posh new accent today, and is convinced they've arrived in Whipsnade Zoo. Jac worries for her sanity. "I went to Whipsnade with my school as well, and it didn't look anything like that. Maybe it was better in the 1960s."

Concentrate, here's the science bit. We're not at the zoo at all, but on a mighty starship carrying the last of humankind (dressed in ribbons and pants) plus their Monoid servants (who don't even have pants) from the doomed planet Earth to a new life on the planet Refusis II. Most of the human race is miniaturised, bar a few 'Guardians' – and we soon see a lawbreaker 'condemned' to the same pint-sized state. "What a silly justice system!" comments Peter. "Imagine being revived on Refusis to find that 1,000 years' worth of criminals are being revived with you!"



> **'The Toymaker himself is great – but all of his games seem so, well . . . cheap!' *Clayton***

Clayton is impressed by the production values. "This looks really good, doesn't it?" he enthuses. "And it feels so *crisp* – like they had a bit more time, a bit more money and access to an editing suite. The 60s equivalent of 'glossy', I suppose. Whoever directed this is doing wonders for the show!"

Oops! Dodo's cold proves more serious to the occupants of the Ark. Peter's eyes narrow. "Very select breed, these Guardians, aren't they? All white Anglo-Saxons, I notice. This'll be the 60s then!"

Our next episode is *The Plague*, in which Streptococcus Dodoccus claims its first victim – a Monoid. The Doctor battles the sloth and sullen hostility of the Guardians – and, with the help of Michael Sheard (All: "Hooray!"), saves the day. And then, after some *de rigeur* moralising from our hero . . .

"What a cracking ending!" laughs Richard. "To all intents and purposes the story seems to be over. The TARDIS arrived, a problem presented itself, a solution was found and off everyone went!" The twist is that the TARDIS has arrived back on the Ark 700 years in the future. Our next episode is appropriately titled *The Return*. "It's the first time we've seen the long-term consequences of time travel," observes Jac.

The Ark seems deserted, but the eerie atmosphere isn't maintained. "Oh dear," sighs Clay. "After all that build-up, Steven and Dodo ruin it by not appearing to give a toss about the mystery. You just can't get the companions these days . . ."

We've reached Refusis but, courtesy of Dodo's cold and the Doctor's cure, the Monoids have evolved – and now rule the Ark with Heat Rods and extravagant hand gestures. Recognising the Doctor and friends from some old telerecordings, Monoid One orders them to be taken to the entirely unlikely 'Security Kitchen'. "Is that next to the Torture Bedroom and in front of the Interrogation Toilet?" wonders Peter.

The Monoids make for even more absurd villains than servants. Jac hits on a favourite theme: "They're distinctly Terry-Nation-ish villains. The second-in-command happily trots off to a new planet alone with three humans and proceeds to accidentally give away The Monoids' Evil Plan . . ."

Refusis is inhabited by terribly polite invisible Refusians and their Queen Anne furniture. At the climax, a 'rocket pod' – the Doctor and Dodo's only mode of escape – is destroyed. Jac: "It's a shame the camera pans down and we miss Dodo's expression on learning she may have to spend the rest of her life with only Hartnell and an invisible man."

Episode four is *The Bomb*, so called because the Monoids have hidden a great big one on the Ark; they plan to wipe out the last of humanity when they jump ship to Refusis. But where is the explosive hidden? The humans mount a detailed search. "Oh, you fools!" shouts Clay. "You know the bomb is hidden within pointing distance of the Monoid statue – so concentrate your search there, will you? Gah!"

The Team are nonplussed as the episode winds to its conclusion – where a Refusian saves the day. Bravo. "Interesting," says Jac. "All that death and destruction is entirely the Doctor's fault, for (a) bringing Dodo, and (b) not curing them properly. So much for not meddling with history. Pah!"

We cliffhanger into the next audio-only episode, which finds the Doctor and crew trapped in the bizarre realm of *The Celestial Toyroom* – the fiefdom of the Toymaker, an old foe of the Doctor's. Peter is intrigued: "The fact that the Toymaker has encountered the Doctor before reminds us how frustratingly little we know about his past."

The time travellers will have to play the Toymaker's deadly games to earn their right to return to the TARDIS. While the Doctor completes the deeply tedious Trilogic Game, Dodo and Steven have to play Blind Man's Bluff with some clowns (one of whom is mute, which doesn't help). Heard in its original context, it is clear that this episode is *utterly* unlike any other so far. As Jac says: "Apart from possibly *Planet of Giants*, this is the series' first foray into non-SF, non-historical type stories, isn't it?"

However, this doesn't mean the episode is actually any *good*; party games don't necessarily make for good television. "There's nothing very menacing about all this," ruminates Clay. "Michael Gough is very good but all the Toymaker's games seem so . . . well, cheap!"

Next episode, Steven and Dodo enter *The Hall of Dolls*. It's Murderous Musical Chairs, with six deadly seats and one safe one. Their opponents are the King and Queen of Hearts. Clay: "The King and Queen seem quite nice, really. I've got more sympathy for them than I have for that idiot Dodo and her endless cries of, 'Oh Steven, it's all such fun!' Will she ever realise she's playing for her life?"

Jac: "Steven's been showing quite a ruthless streak – entirely understandably. The King and Queen want to become real people, so they're seemingly in a similar situation to Dodo and Steven. I wonder if their evilness, as seen in their willingness to sacrifice their Fool, was deliberately put in to save it from becoming a moral dilemma for the characters and viewers?"

"Did you hear that?" asks Peter. "The King's rhyme went, 'Eeenie meenie miney mo. Catch a nigger by the toe.'"

"This'll be the 60s then," echoes Jac.

The chairs game goes on and on and on and on. There's still ten minutes to go, and three untested chairs left. The Team are restless.

"Blimey," sighs Clay. "I would *gladly* sit on one of them, deadly or otherwise, if it meant this interminable episode would end!" DWM

AND YOU SAID . . .

The Bell of Doom

"It could be argued that the speed with which the Doctor returns to the TARDIS once he realises what the date is, thus avoiding the risk of changing history, is at this stage of the series a little out of character. Even at his most extreme moments in Season One, he wasn't quite as concerned with protocol as this"
Rob Shearman, London

The Plague

"The scenes where Steven on trial attacks the future human race for being as paranoid and as afraid of the unknown as people from his own time, are truly outstanding – and the final destruction of the planet Earth, in spite of the budget limitations, is given a powerful credibility"
Rob Shearman, London

The Return

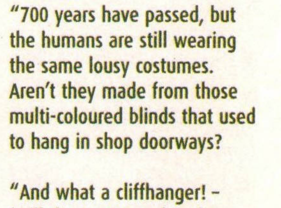
"700 years have passed, but the humans are still wearing the same lousy costumes. Aren't they made from those multi-coloured blinds that used to hang in shop doorways?

"And what a cliffhanger! – 'Will the Doctor and Dodo have to stay in the nice house on the nice planet with nice people for a while? Tune in next week to find out!'" *Miles Keen, Frome*

The Celestial Toyroom

"It's really strange to be faced with something the Doctor has already met. It's like one of those Annual stories where everyone says 'Ah, Dr Who! Welcome back to the planet of the Verdants!' and you feel like you've missed out on something . . ." *J Edwards, Glamorgan*

For DWM 296, we need your comments on *The Savages* 3 to *The Smugglers* 2 by 10 August



Shelf Life

With **Vanessa Bishop**

TIMELINK

***NZ$50/£16** Details from: Jon Preddle, PO Box 19298, Hamilton, New Zealand 2001*

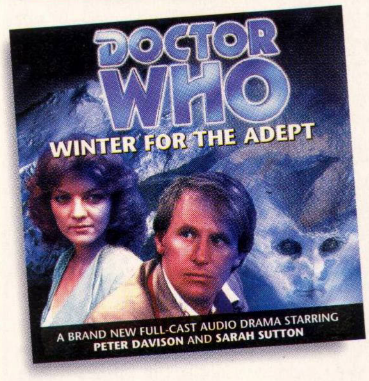
Timelink is a daunting, self-published study of every loose end, cock-up and inconclusive statement dropped from the mouth of TV *Doctor Who*. Author Jon Preddle could argue the toss over anything. If he wanted to convince me Rassilon was a pigeon, Preddle knows *Doctor Who* backwards and sideways enough to secure evidence to make his theory watertight.

Like a game, *Timelink* begins with rules, guidelines to lead us through its suggestions. All the legendary continuity chestnuts – Susan's family status, 1980s UNIT dating – queue to pummel your senses all over again. Pretending you don't care lasts about a minute. Preddle's stamina, invention and clever observations have the grey matter fizzing – and somehow, he makes this beast readable.

The author has spent a decade calculating the Doctor's age, defining a Gallifreyan year and working out when Snakedancing was banned on Manussa – and the resultant work would take another ten years to fully absorb.

Almost endless, *Timelink* is the answer to everything you never thought you wanted to know.

DOCTOR WHO: WINTER FOR THE ADEPT


DOCTOR WHO
WINTER FOR THE ADEPT
A BRAND NEW FULL-CAST AUDIO DRAMA STARRING
PETER DAVISON AND SARAH SUTTON

Audio drama Big Finish Productions **Featuring** The Fifth Doctor & Nyssa **RRP** £13.99 [double CD]/£9.99 [double cassette] **Available** Now

Ghost-hunting in the Swiss Alps, the Fifth Doctor reaches a peak – and Nyssa's not so frosty, either

If you turned hand-held cameras on *Winter For the Adept*, it would resemble a *Blair Witch* affair. It would rush around its Swiss finishing school setting, spooking characters with unseen menace; perhaps, to fill the gap where the monster should be, the director could resort to playing the part himself, chasing his actors up and down stairs, asking for a few terror-stricken glances over the shoulder and a door to be slammed in his lens.

Problems would only arise when *Winter*'s poltergeist begins to throw the furniture about. It'd be hard to stop the scene where a piano gives chase to the Doctor and Nyssa looking silly; audio has the upper hand in such matters, making an absurd situation tense – whereas on television it would simply end up being mocked.

The malevolent piano is just a small example of a story which inches away from the production of a television soundtrack and nearer the more flexible formats of prose and radio. The play starts in first gear by dropping immediately into a voiceover told straight to the microphone; an account of times past, this speech rifles through information and detail which would otherwise be clogging up the dialogue. It's a close call for Big Finish to know how far to run with the narration before they invite listeners to suspect they've been sold a talking book; whatever, it's a stylish trick which is probably dismissed too soon, especially since a poltergeist's actions speak louder than words. Had the narration been retained, it might have helped smooth over some of the script's awkward need for its characters to state the obvious – which objects are moving, and where.

Probably not by chance, *Winter For the Adept* pulls another unusual stunt. Those who gripe about the Doctor's lack of screen time in *Revelation of the Daleks* will find *Winter For the Adept*'s first episode insurmountable. Like the voiceover, keeping the Doctor back leaves the story with a certain identity all of its own, something to attract a *Friends*-style tagline like, *The One Where Nyssa Takes the Lead*. Perversely, missing him makes the whole thing more satisfying – the longer his absence, the greater our interest.

Writer Andrew Cartmel handles the Fifth Doctor and Nyssa better than most. Nyssa no longer talks like the appendix of a chemistry book, and has swapped her Head Prefect severity for something human; it's a genuine shift which requires both Sarah Sutton and the dialogue to do the work, not a pretty skirt from Wardrobe. I'm normally immune to the appeal of Nyssa; as with most of the 1980s companions, she's over-constructed – a bundle of ideas first, a person second. But without her sciences and aloofness slapped into every sentence, I'll admit she's almost likeable.

Peter Davison has been on the up ever since Big Finish collared him. You'd think giving him comedy was a bad idea, seeing as his Doctor was programmed to avoid silliness; giving him a few funny lines might well cause meltdown or, at the very least, give the impression he's reading another Doctor's script. Rather, it proves to be the missing link. Sending up the programme's gobbledegook and technical explanations, Davison is flippant, almost bungling at times – but delivers his comic lines drily, making them even better.

Nyssa no longer talks like the appendix of a chemistry book – and the Doctor is almost bungling at times

Castrovalva: Nyssa (Sarah Sutton) takes the Doctor (Peter Davison) for a ride

The tweaks in both characters have allowed a sense of real friendship, an ease – complete with shared jokes and gentle mockery – which *Doctor Who* hasn't known since Sarah Jane's departure.

Winter For the Adept doesn't quite go the distance, however – a genial ghost and a rush of aliens result in it ending a couple of degrees less the chiller it might have been. But for the most part, it's a glorious thing – sinister, funny, new in its presentation and uniquely accepting of the supernatural. The Fifth Doctor has had few better days.

DOCTOR WHO: GALAXY 4

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The beauties meet the beasts – but who's Good, who's Bad and who's Ugly?

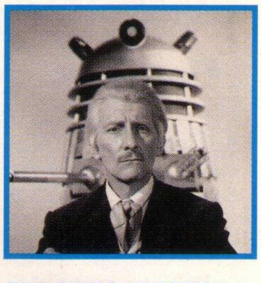
Even being junked by the BBC Archives – an action which usually quadruples the perceived value of a story – has failed to inspire much real interest in *Galaxy 4*. It's in the furthest of fan orbits, neither remembered with affection nor important enough to be discussed – an unranked outsider, an also-ran so far down the list it doesn't even *have* a reputation. Three issues ago it bombed before the Time Team, who slammed it as sloppy, clichéd and simplistic. Well, yes, yes and yes, *Galaxy 4* is very definitely all of those things – and, given its fierce promotion of the humming Chumblies, daft into the bargain. But since this double CD release almost certainly signals the last reason why the story should ever be discussed, let's not get above ourselves.

Totally reliant on its central twist – that ugly people are not always evil, and beautiful ones not always good – *Galaxy 4* stumbles; once the surprise is sprung, there isn't a lot more plot to go round. It's an obvious piece, suffering through having its hackneyed message too near the surface and somewhat patronisingly pointed out. But this is not necessarily the fault of the script. Although producer Verity Lambert was wise in many of her decisions, I'm not sure she was right in bending the humanoid Drahvins' gender from men – as in the original script – to women. This single publicity-seeking decision, while highlighting the moral, dumbs the production down. If any change were needed, it'd have been better – and less obvious – for both races to have been monsters.

Wishing *Galaxy 4* to be more clever and coded is easy. More than most stories, however, it's unfair to view it outside the context of the time it was originally broadcast. *Galaxy 4* was made with just two years of *Doctor Who* behind it – and, up until then, things were pretty much as you saw them. The good and the bad were clearly marked – 'on the nose', to borrow a *Time Team* expression. Thin as it is, *Galaxy 4* was arguably the most subversive story to date.

What's also missed is how close *Galaxy 4* is to a satire of what mid-1960s *Doctor Who* was about. I can't rid myself of the feeling that writer William Emms watched the first Dalek serial, liked it, took its surface elements, rewrote it and called it *Galaxy 4*. Isn't this a turned-on-its-head version of Terry Nation's first script – a grudge match between the beautiful people and the non-humanoid monsters where (surprise!) the Thals turn out to be the bad guys? It seems

The Dusty Springfield Fan Club met once a month to plot universal domination



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The monster-making, vampire-staking roles which so eclipsed Peter Cushing's career make up only a part of this bio-cum-filmography – and his Dalek-fighting even less, since Cushing's bow-legged big screen Doctor steals no more than two pages from nearly 200.

However, there are better reasons to buy this book. Author David Miller creates a book in Cushing's image – warm, respectful and sad. To a generation, Cushing was always old, an undernourished figure who brought undeserved dignity to horror exploitation flicks. Insight of sorts came from, of all places, *Jim'll Fix It* – on which he once appeared asking for a rose to be named after his late wife Helen, whom he'd lost 14 years before. It uncovered a grieving man, the brittle opposite of those he played. In the early 1990s came a further education – an unexpected repeat of the BBC's landmark 1954 production of George Orwell's *1984*, revealing Cushing in impeccable form, young and vital.

Miller's meticulously researched work is an equal education.

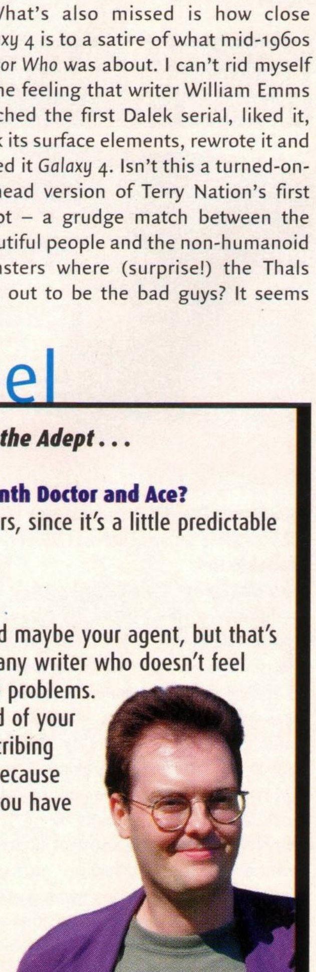
SOUND BITES Andrew Cartmel

The McCoy-era script editor on writing Big Finish's distinctly unseasonal *Winter For the Adept* . . .

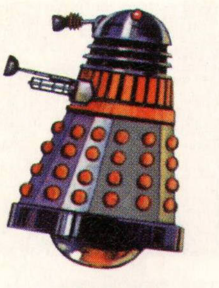
The most obvious question first – why the Fifth Doctor and Nyssa, and not the Seventh Doctor and Ace?
This was Gary Russell's decision. Though I was happy to explore some different characters, since it's a little predictable always writing about the Doctor and companion I worked with on the show.

Do you prefer script or novel-writing?
Writing a novel allows you considerably more autonomy – you deal with your editor, and maybe your agent, but that's about it – whereas with a script there are many fingers in the pie, and I don't know of any writer who doesn't feel some resentment at the extra interference. However, a good producer will minimise the problems.

Novels and scripts provide an exciting change of pace. Although it's fun to be the God of your own little world, it can be a relief to get onto a script and not have to worry about describing anything in prose. Lastly, scripts teach you a hell of a lot about plotting and structure, because there are none of the options for sleight-of-hand or cheating which exist in a novel; if you have an engaging prose style, you can conceal a multitude of flaws.



What directions do you think *Doctor Who* missed?
I don't think it missed any directions so much as lacked the production values – and money – to give full value to all those it did explore. Just think what your early favourites might have been like if they'd had state-of-the-art effects to back them up. Of course, for some enthusiasts, the clunky effects are part of the charm . . .



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Dalek Rolykins are back, and falling off the edge of a table near you. Destined for notoriety on *Watchdog* as an easily-swallowed item, a Dalek Rolykin just surpasses the thrills of its own excitable packaging. A shilling each in their heyday, they're unlikely, 36 years later, to once again inspire the playground fervour which is, at present, the preserve of Pokémon cards. On the other hand, I'll wager Pokémon wont be re-issued36 years from now.

Shelf Life's Rolykin Task Force, picked from a choice of six, would consist largely of the sexy, black and silver Command model, and the silver livery of the Battle. Those who like their Daleks more carnival-style should plump for the Supreme and Emperor. Both many times removed from their TV namesakes, these are colour mismatches which even Aaru Films wouldn't contemplate.

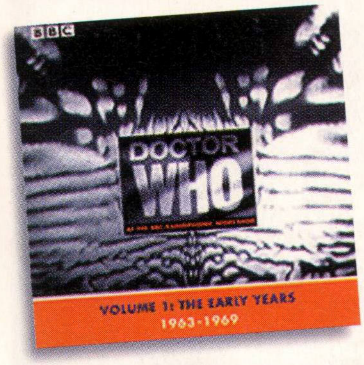
Why do you need them? For races, of course. Gotta catch 'em all!

entirely fitting, then, that the robotic Chumblies should so recall the Daleks, and that the ship of their Rill masters should have Chumbley-shaped corridors. Appropriate, too, that the Rills themselves are unable to survive outside their own specially-created environment – and have, in their control room, the same sound effect that the Daleks have in theirs. This coincidence has often been put down to sloppiness, but there's a mischievousness about *Galaxy 4* which makes this less certain.

Transferring *Galaxy 4* to CD is like issuing an old vinyl record on video. Listening to a story about image is just about as bizarre an activity as you'd expect from *Doctor Who* fans – it's up there with listening to Target cover art. Therefore, telling us who's pretty and who's not is just about the most important thing Peter Purves' narration has to do. Somehow, though, it's gotten into a tangle. Steven's rather wolfish reaction to the sassy all-girl Drahvins is rendered foolish by immediately following a lengthy description detailing how cold and unattractive they appear. Worse, for a script which promotes how ugly the Rills are, it's a shame that the narration fails to give us any description of them beyond the size of their eyes.

Galaxy 4 is perfectly placed in *Doctor Who* history – capturing a certain moment, and exploiting expectations. But it doesn't travel well. Hearing it second-hand or out of sequence lessens its impact considerably. It's not beyond appreciation – but to fully be beguiled by it, you probably had to be there.

DOCTOR WHO AT THE BBC RADIOPHONIC WORKSHOP: VOLUMES 1 & 2



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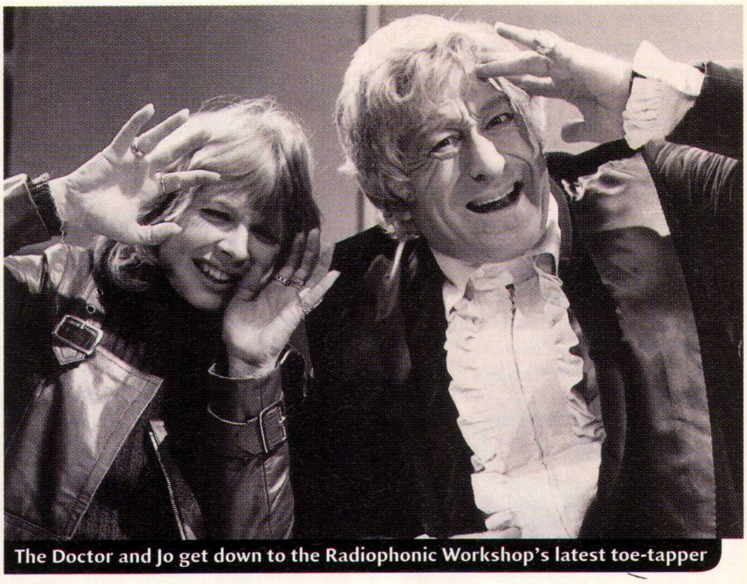
Two decades' worth of sounds melodic – and downright painful

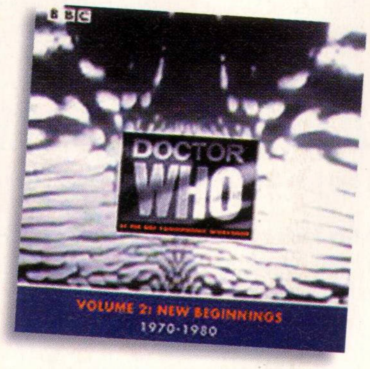
For lovers of white noise, tortured piano wire and tinnitus, *Doctor Who at the BBC Radiophonic Workshop* is an intensive, two-volume soak in both sonic genius and unwieldy self-indulgence. These discs represent not just otherworldly fantasy; for many of us, these are the soundtracks to our lives. Deny it if you will, but some of the tracks here have probably filled our ears more often than anything else ever committed to tape or vinyl. Who can deny they haven't attempted their own throaty impression of the TARDIS take-off, hummed the pulse of Dalek control or indulged in a little Chumbley chitter?



The Doctor and Jo get down to the Radiophonic Workshop's latest toe-tapper

The first volume, concentrating on sound effects and atmospheres, is the more interesting and varied. Born from the bashing of household objects, and sampled without the intrusive electronic twang of synthesisers, the undefinable 'otherness' of these tracks transcends the primitive methods of their construction. Despite the influx of technology into the Workshop from 1970, these early sounds – arguably the most remarkable British television has produced – are still unbeaten.

Whether or not you'll derive pleasure from the second volume rather depends on how your nerve holds out against the cerebellum-shredding capabilities of Malcolm Clarke's *Sea Devils* score. Music like Clarke's makes it hard to find the right adjectives. At times you might picture it as accompaniment to some avant-garde mime; at others it sounds like you're being forced into a journey through your own bowels. Composed to please nobody but himself, Clarke goes hell-for-leather at his Delaware synth, throwing everything into an already crowded pot. Running at 44 minutes, over half of the disc's total playing time, the *Sea Devils* tracks kick at your head like they're hungry for your teeth. About 15 layers down, you can hear an effect which sounds a little bit like the echoes of a squash ball thrashed about a court – and the listener leaves Clarke's opus knowing exactly how the ball feels. All the same, Clarke cooks up nothing so incoherent and unlovely as Brian Hodgson's *Axon Approach* – which is, in short, the musical equivalent of a migraine. Neither of these highly-manufactured works are particularly suited to the more rural, Earthbound stories which they were written for; ironically, they fit better the space adventure then recently abandoned by *Doctor Who* on television.



Both CDs have dull patches. The first is strained by the slog of presenting *The Dominators* and *The Mind Robber* back-to-back, but offering nothing eventful from either. Equally, there's real surprise and delight in places – such as *The Macra Terror*'s quite unreasonably tense heartbeat chase and the grooving absurdity of the same story's *Chromophone Band*. Here, the cheese levels hit maximum, sounding like a hip-hop hybrid mixed through a barrel organ.

Your enjoyment depends on your nerves holding out through the cerebellum-shredding Sea Devils score

It's perhaps natural that, against so many unusual textures, it's the more upbeat and conventional compositions that stand out. *The Mind of Evil*'s *Dover Castle* has all the colour and energy typical of an under-plotted ITC detective drama; in *The Invasion*, there's a tinkling jazz piano straight from the smoke-filled haze of *film noir*.

The second volume jumps abruptly from the mid-1970s to 1980 with the Workshop's previously unheard rescoring of *The Horns of Nimon*. Undertaken as an audition piece, it illustrates a leap in discipline and form – and is instantly recognisable as a dry run for *The Leisure Hive*.

Although it's always difficult to settle on the best way of listening to such abstract material, these discs are inspirational – and, in Clarke's case, uncompromising. Their story is as important as any in *Doctor Who*.

Well worth the earache. DWM

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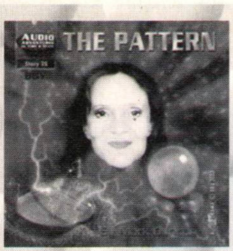
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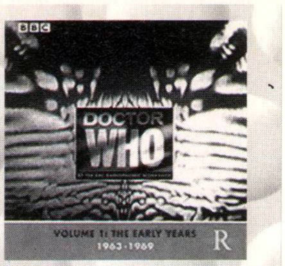
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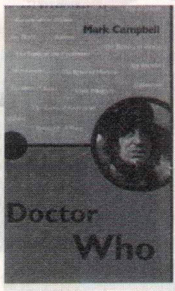
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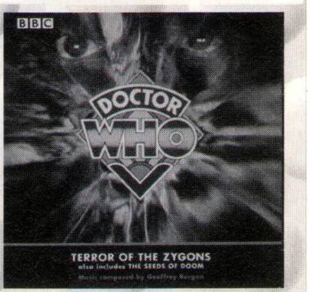
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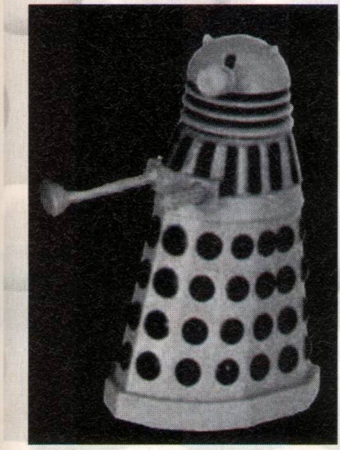

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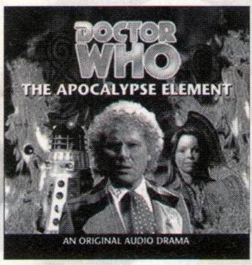
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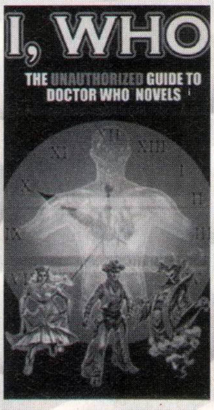
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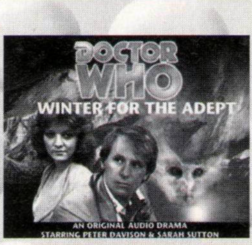
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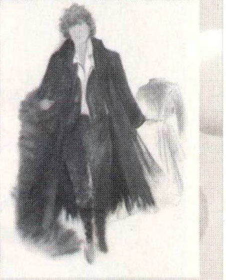

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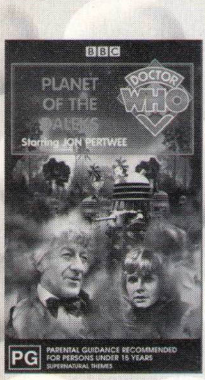
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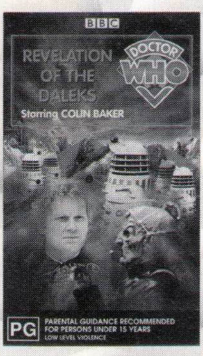
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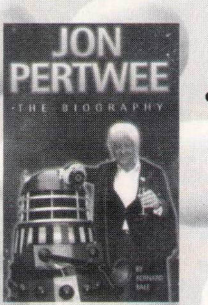
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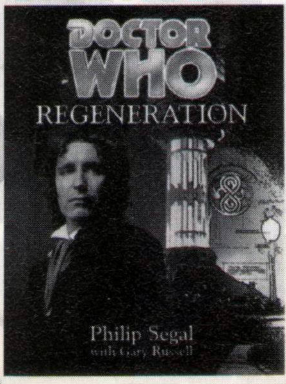
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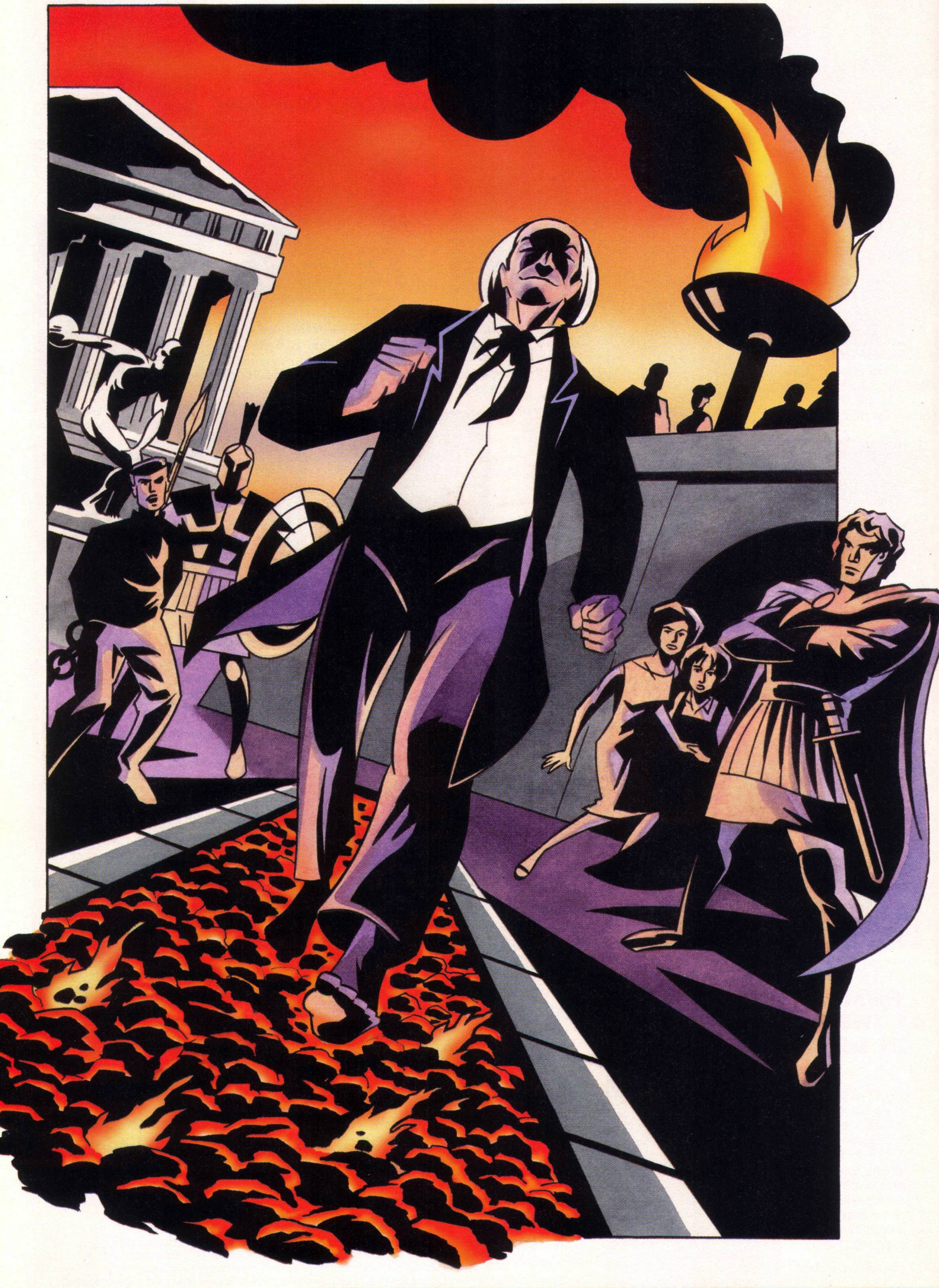


Fire walk with me

Hot to trot! The TARDIS crew fall foul of Alexander the Great when they drop by the fabled Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Richard Bignell investigates *Farewell Great Macedon,* an unmade adventure from the series' first year!

Illustrations by Adrian Salmon

The early months of *Doctor Who*'s production were rather chaotic times. With recording of the first Dalek serial in full swing, it wasn't certain what adventures the Doctor would have beyond the end of *Marco Polo*. A whole host of potential adventures were considered, commissioned and finally discarded – among them Malcolm Hulke's *The Hidden Planet* and Terry Nation's *The Red Fort*.

By late February/early March 1964, things had firmed up somewhat. Around this time, script editor David Whitaker produced an internal document listing all the stories intended to make up the first nine adventures. Even then, the list was only accurate up as far as *The Sensorites* – the remainder comprising an un-named script by Whitaker, a four-part 'minuscules' story and Terry Nation's second six-part Dalek sequel. At the bottom of this document, Whitaker made a list of 'other commissions' – which included a "special fee for view of script only" to a man named Moris Farhi.

After graduating from RADA in 1957, Moris Farhi began his career as a stage and screen actor – and, in 1963, he won the role of the Gypsy chief's son in the second James Bond film, *From Russia With Love*. He later appeared in the fifth Bond feature, *You Only Live Twice*, playing one of Blofeld's technicians; in 1974, he appeared in Sidney Lumet's film version of *Murder on the Orient Express*, starring Albert Finney.

As well as pursuing an acting career, he turned his hand to writing, gaining his first screen credit on the 1962 film *The Primitives*. "Back in the 1960s, I had just started writing professionally and was trying to break into television," he remembers. "I met David Whitaker on an occasion that had something to do with the Writers' Guild – Scriptwriters' Guild of Great Britain, as it was called at the time – and I think I asked him how one could be considered for writing for the BBC. He said something like, 'Send some work to me or the Script Department, so that we can get an idea of your writing.' I believe I sent a play I was working on at the time, which was a modern Greek tragedy called *From the Ashes of Thebes* which was written as a sequel to Sophocles' Oedipean trilogy and which finally had a production at the Mercury Theatre in 1969.

'Nice little trick, isn't it? It was taught to me by a Polynesian king. I forget his name' *The Doctor*

"Eventually David rang me and asked me to come and discuss with him possible ideas for *Doctor Who*. David was a wonderful person and the meeting was most inspiring for me. As I was quite well-read in history – and pretty hopeless in science – we eventually steered the discussion towards a historical subject. My Greek play led to explorations on Greek history and, inevitably, Alexander the Great presented itself as the most dramatic subject. Having decided to give this a go, David suggested that I should write a sample script and arranged for a special 'encouragement' fee of £50. He also gave me a few scripts to read in order to get an idea of the characters of Doctor Who and his entourage. And, of course, he urged me to watch the series on television. I recall watching a couple of episodes of *Marco Polo*.

"So I brushed up on Alexander and started work. I soon realised that a sample script of 25-30 minutes would not do any justice to the canvas I

'Come on, old man – get on with it!'

The ancient city of Babylon. To prove himself innocent of the murder of Hephaeston, one of Alexander the Great's closest aides, the Doctor must walk across burning embers. His companions watch on – as do Alexander and the conspirators Seleucus and Antipater, the men actually responsible for the crime . . .

IAN Why doesn't he get on with it? I can't stand the suspense!
BARBARA He's probably trying to pluck up enough courage.
SUSAN I've never seen Grandfather do that before.
BARBARA Do what?
SUSAN Shuffle his feet like that. I wonder why.

Dr Who, his face registering utmost concentration, now increases the pace of his shuffling. As he almost runs around the patch of fire, always shuffling his feet, ecstasy fills his eyes and a huge grin covers his face. Alexander is watching Dr Who with great interest. Antipater and Seleucus are, however, impatient.

SELEUCUS Why is he postponing the issue?
ANTIPATER Come on, Old Man, get on with it!
DR WHO [*looks up at Antipater, without breaking his shuffle*] All in good time, old chap, all in good time!
ANTIPATER Sire, he is mocking us!
ALEXANDER He is the one who has to walk the fire. He can take his time.
DR WHO [*shouting*] Here we go then!

With that cry, he enters the patch of fire and crosses it, grinning from ear to ear. At the other end of the patch, he shuffles a bit more and crosses the fire again. And again. For now, he is terribly pleased with himself and treats the fire like a child would treat a toy. Eventually, after having walked, run and jumped across the fire, he stops out of breath, and turns to Alexander. Already, Ian Susan and Barbara are jumping with joy.

IAN, SUSAN & BARBARA He's done it! He's done it! He's done it!
DR WHO [*to Alexander, still out of breath, but with a satisfied smile*] Is that enough, young man, or do you want me to go on?
ALEXANDER You have already been over-enthusiastic, Reverend Old Man. Thank you, you have passed the test of truth.

From **Farewell Great Macedon: In the Arena**, by Moris Farhi

If *The Time Meddler* isn't historically accurate, he'll eat this hat

had in mind, so I rang David asking him whether he would mind if I wrote all six episodes. David tried to dissuade me from such an undertaking, telling me that he could not increase my fee and that he did not want me to spend so much time on a project that could have no guarantee of production. However, I felt so confident of my subject that I said I didn't want any more money, that I would write the episodes for the challenge the story posed. At that time, apart from driving mini-cabs, I was out of work and had all the time in the world to devote to the script."

Farhi began work on the 184-page script which he entitled *Farewell Great Macedon*, a reference to the death of Alexander at the end of the story. As per the series' original format, Farhi allocated each of his six episodes separate titles, along with a brief description of each episode's contents: *The Hanging Gardens of Babylon* ("where the travellers of TARDIS find themselves in Babylon when a treacherous plot is being hatched"); *The Wrath of the Greatest Grecian of Them All! or O, Son! My Son!* ("where Alexander shows his temper and the prophet Iolla strikes"); *A Man Must Die* ("where the conspirators prepare a rose for Calanus and Dr Who attempts an exchange transfusion"); *The World Lies Dead at Your Feet* ("where the travellers of TARDIS are set to leave, but the poison of an asp prevents them"); *In the Arena* ("where Dr Who has to walk over fire and Ian is thrown into the arena to prove himself"); and *Farewell, Great Macedon!* ("where Ian constructs an iron lung in an attempt to change history and Alexander tells of his dream").

Continues Farhi: "I duly wrote the six scripts and sent them to David. He rang me to say he liked it, but that it needed tightening up in places. He also told me that he could not consider it for the series in production then, but maybe the next one. I think we arranged another meeting to discuss rewrites and rethinks.

"Then, I can't remember how long after, I received another call from him. Sadly, he told me that he would have to discard the project. The reason as far as I remember was that there had been various complaints from schools about using historical characters in children's drama; this posed the danger of misrepresenting historical events and characters and thus undermining the lessons given at school. In other words, with regards to *Doctor Who*, stories could still travel back in time into a specific period, but they could not feature historical characters – just fictitious ones set in the period or around the periphery of historical characters.

"Further to this, we met again to discuss whether the scripts could be revamped with peripheral characters in Alexander's court. But that would have meant that all the dramatic events such as the murder of Cleitus and the various intrigues would have occurred in the wings, recounted by various characters but not enacted. I could not see how such a diminution could do justice to the theme and I agreed to abandon the project. I felt inconsolable and heartbroken for months . . ."

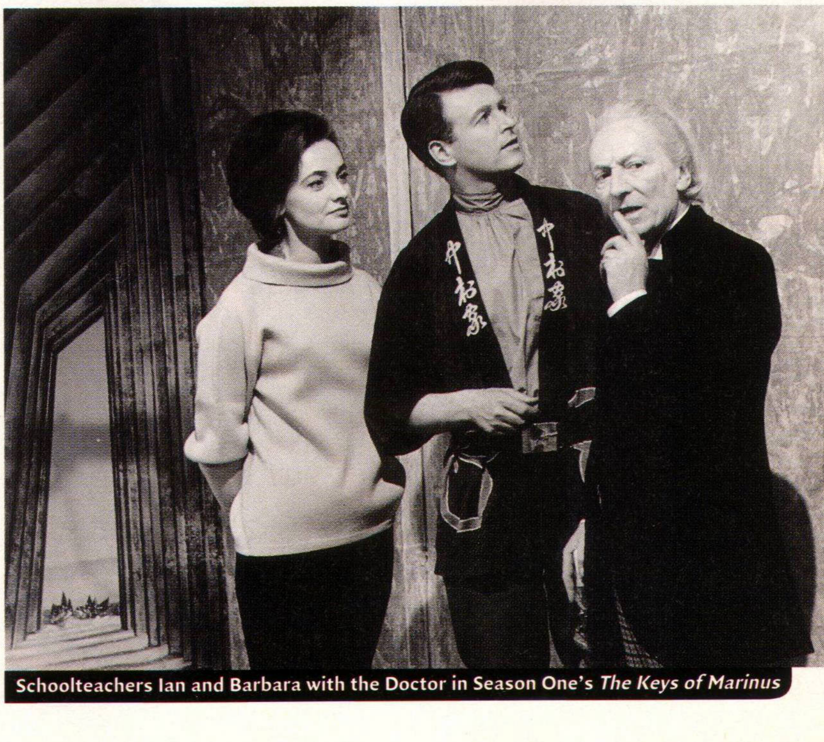
If Whitaker's motivation for dismissing *Farewell Great Macedon* really was based on critical observations of *Marco Polo*, it goes some way to possibly explaining why the subsequent historical adventures of the first season, *The Aztecs* and *The Reign of Terror*, do not revolve around the Doctor's entanglement with major historical figures (appearances by Robespierre and Napoleon notwithstanding). Whatever the reasons, Whitaker had dismissed them as being inconsequential little over a year later, by the time *The Romans* had showcased a lecherous Emperor Nero and Whitaker's own *The Crusade* had paraded a troubled Richard the Lionheart.

Despite the upset, Farhi still had cause to be thankful to Whitaker: "After that, David, the dear man, circulated the script in the BBC – as a result of which I was eventually approached by Donald Tosh to write for *Compact*. That's how I started working for the BBC as a *bona fide* writer."

Farhi's first script for *Compact*, *A Kiss of Life*, was eventually broadcast on 30 June 1964; he later found work on a stream of such well-known series as *Man in a Suitcase*, *Paul Temple*, *Strange Report*, *Out of the Unknown*, *The Onedin Line* and *Return of the Saint*. But *Farewell, Great Macedon* was not the only fantasy script Farhi would have rejected. In 1966, he submitted a script titled *The Outsider* to another emerging fantasy series, *The Prisoner* – but, as with *Doctor Who*, this submission would be turned down.

'There had been complaints about misrepresenting historical events in children's drama' ***Moris Fahri***

"For many years after the *Doctor Who* débâcle, my mind kept going back to the script urging me to salvage it somehow. I even thought of writing



Schoolteachers Ian and Barbara with the Doctor in Season One's *The Keys of Marinus*

Farewell Great Macedon: the straight story

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon

In the TARDIS, the Doctor, Ian, Barbara and Susan are in a deep sleep, each attached to a strange machine which enables them to learn languages. The TARDIS materialises and the travellers awake, having learned Ancient Greek. The Doctor diagnoses a fuel leak. Ian leads the way out.

The TARDIS has landed in the middle of a beautiful garden. Ian suddenly realises where they have landed – the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. A trumpet sounds and a choir begins chanting, "The King is here, the King is here." A procession moves through the garden and Susan, keen to meet the King, follows on.

In another part of the garden, four men sit in an alcove, drinking wine. They are Seleucus, Glaucias, Iolla, and Antipater. All four are unhappy; they wish to return to their homeland. However, as the army is loyal to their King, the only way to expedite their return is to murder their leader. The idea appals Seleucus. Even if the King were to die now, nothing would be gained since his throne would automatically go to one of his three successors. Antipater shows the men four medallions, each bearing a man's profile. These are the medallions of succession. All four of these men must die – Cleitus, Calanus, Hephaeston and the King. Antipater then shows a fifth medallion he's had made bearing the face of Seleucus. With a new king of their choosing, they can all return home.

Nearby, the Doctor and his companions watch as the King appears, realising that peace reigns within the city walls. The Doctor notices a smell and he and Ian go to investigate. They find Iolla, who is preparing to interpret omens by rubbing foul-smelling mud into the fleece of a sacrificial lamb. The Doctor identifies the smell as crude oil and, mistakenly thinking that Iolla is trying to cook the animal, goes to help. His culinary lesson is interrupted as spears hammer into the ground. Standing behind them are the King, Cleitus, Calanus, Hephaeston and Ptolemy, the King's bodyguard. The King humorously tells the Doctor that he mustn't disturb Apollo's priest whilst he is prophesying. Iolla foretells of a "four-headed tragedy" for the city of Babylon, but the Doctor dismisses the omens as rubbish. The King is amused by his bluntness – and requests that the Doctor and his companions accept his hospitality. Barbara suddenly realises that the King is Alexander the Great.

Iolla enters Antipater's tent, furious over the way he has been mocked by the old man, but Antipater realises that they can make use of the new arrivals. Four strangers – four murders to commit. They only need to proclaim them as bad omens and they will be blamed when the King and his Generals meet their untimely deaths . . .

The Wrath of the Greatest Grecian of Them All! or O, Son! My Son!

The Doctor, Ian, Barbara and Susan share a meal with Alexander and his companions. The King is relaxed and trusting of the travellers. Later, Alexander engages in some friendly sword practice with Seleucus and, much to his opponent's chagrin, gains the upper hand. The King informs Barbara that he has sent for his wife, Roxane. Barbara is concerned to hear that they have arrived at a time when Alexander is married.

Ian and Doctor finish a weary tour of the camp, but the Doctor thinks that he knows how to repair the TARDIS' fuel leak: the land has rich oil reserves from which he can extract the heavy hydrogen he needs. Nearby, the conspirators discuss the murders they are planning: Cleitus will be the first to die. Iolla says that Seleucus still hasn't decided whether to be part of the plan.

Barbara tells Susan that, according to history, Alexander visited Babylon twice – and his second visit marked his death. Iolla tells Alexander that the four travellers are bad omens, and he must leave Babylon before it is too late. Alexander refuses.

That night, everyone is gathered at the feast of Dionysus. Alexander and Cleitus are drunk, but all are in good spirits. Cleitus and Ian enter into a debate about slavery and Ian's reasoned answers win everyone over. Cleitus accuses Alexander of treachery; drunkenly, the King moves to kill him. As the two men realise the foolishness of the situation, Iolla pushes Cleitus – who falls onto Alexander's spear. Mortified, Alexander moves to take his own life . . .

A Man Must Die

Hephaeston manages to knock Alexander out. The next morning, Barbara explains that they couldn't have changed anything; history shows that Cleitus was killed by Alexander during an argument. But the Doctor is not so sure – he saw Iolla push Cleitus . . .

In his tent, a gloved Antipater carefully dips a rose into a dark liquid. Seleucus tells him that he still hasn't decided to join the conspirators. Antipater reveals that Calanus is the next to die.

Barbara visits Alexander in his tent and asks him for permission to return to Babylon so that the Doctor can affect repairs to the TARDIS. Permission is granted.

Antipater visits Calanus and offers him the rose – telling him of a Madedon custom that when admiring a rose, one should feel the thorn and let pleasure follow pain. Calanus does so. Some time later, Ptolemy brings news that Calanus is very ill. Desperate to save his friend, the King sends for the Doctor, who examines Calanus and discovers that he has anthrax poisoning. He explains that only a blood transfusion can save him and he leaves to make arrangements.

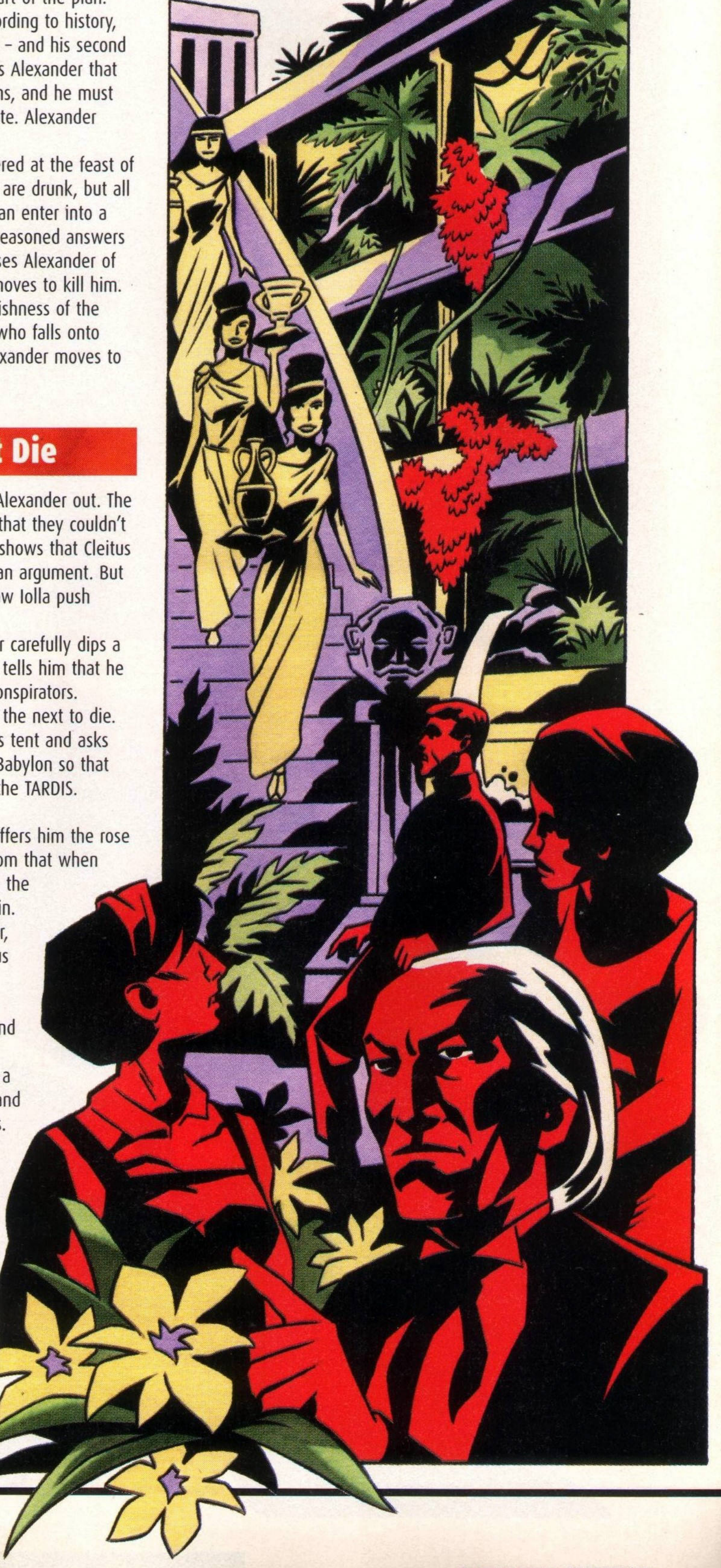
Calanus soon realises that even though his life can be spared, the poison has taken its toll. He asks Alexander to build a funeral pyre for him and let him end his life. Distraught, Alexander agrees.

The next morning, all is ready – but Ian's protests infuriate Alexander. In tears, the King hurls a spear at him . . .

The World Lies Dead at Your Feet

The spear is warded off by Calanus. The King helps the weakened Calanus to his funeral pyre and lights it, announcing the beginning of Calanus' funeral games.

Later, Seleucus meets with the conspirators. He must now show his



allegiance – and decides to join the conspiracy. The Doctor informs his companions that the TARDIS has been fixed and they can leave in the evening, after Alexander's army has entered Babylon.

Meanwhile, Alexander and Hephaeston are preparing themselves. Alexander reveals that he cannot yet return to Macedon. He wishes to unite the whole world into one brotherhood, just as he's done with the lands he's 'conquered'. Hephaeston worries that his dream might bring about his untimely death.

As they enter Babylon, Hephaeston is ambushed and knocked out by Antipater. Alexander is sorry to hear that his new friends are shortly to leave; before they go, he wishes to present them with gifts. In return, Barbara gives the King her bracelet; Ian gives his watch; the Doctor, a compass; and Susan, a kiss.

Surrounded by the conspirators, Hephaeston regains consciousness to find an asp on his chest. The snake bites but – as Antipater reveals that Alexander is to die next – Hephaeston escapes, killing Glaucias. As they pursue him, Antipater loses a buckle.

By the TARDIS, the Doctor, Ian, Barbara and Susan wait for Alexander before they leave. Hephaeston, now weakened by the poison collapses in front of them – the crushed asp in his hand. Despite Ian's efforts, he dies. Entering, Alexander is aghast at Hephaeston's death. Iolla appears from the undergrowth and is killed by the King. Antipater follows him and tells Alexander that Iolla was not responsible for his death – the travellers are . . .

In the Arena

In the throne room, Alexander is very drunk. He calls for more wine and, seizing his chance, Antipater opens a locket and poisons the King's drink.

The travellers are brought before the King for trial. Antipater reminds Alexander that since their arrival, three of the King's greatest friends have died. Ian, Barbara and Susan all make reasoned arguments as to their innocence. Alexander is impressed with the reasoning from both sides and decides on a compromise. Only one will be punished – Ian is to die.

The others jump to his defence, offering their lives as well. Alexander is pleased – the threat was a test – but they still need to prove their innocence before the King's warriors in the light of Iolla's prophecy. To that end, the Doctor and Ian must face tests of endurance: the Doctor will walk fire and Ian will pit his strength wrestling in the arena.

Back in the dungeon, the Doctor realises that the deaths are not accidental and that Antipater must be behind the plot. Meanwhile, Ptolemy enters the throne room having found Hephaeston's sword, his crushed medallion of succession and a buckle. The evidence confirms that the travellers are innocent. Alexander swears that vengeance is to be brought upon those responsible.

Later, at the games, Antipater administers more poison to Alexander. The Doctor is brought to the hot embers and successfully walks over them several times using a method he learned from a Polynesian king. Next, Ian enters the arena with several other wrestlers. They split into two groups. Each man must fight the others in his group until only one man from each is left standing. Then the final two will compete.

The wrestling begins and Ian makes good use of his knowledge of judo, overwhelming all his opponents. As the victor of his group, he is shocked to see that final opponent is Seleucus – a man almost twice his height and weight and never defeated. Seleucus challenges Ian to a fight to the death . . .

Farewell, Great Macedon!

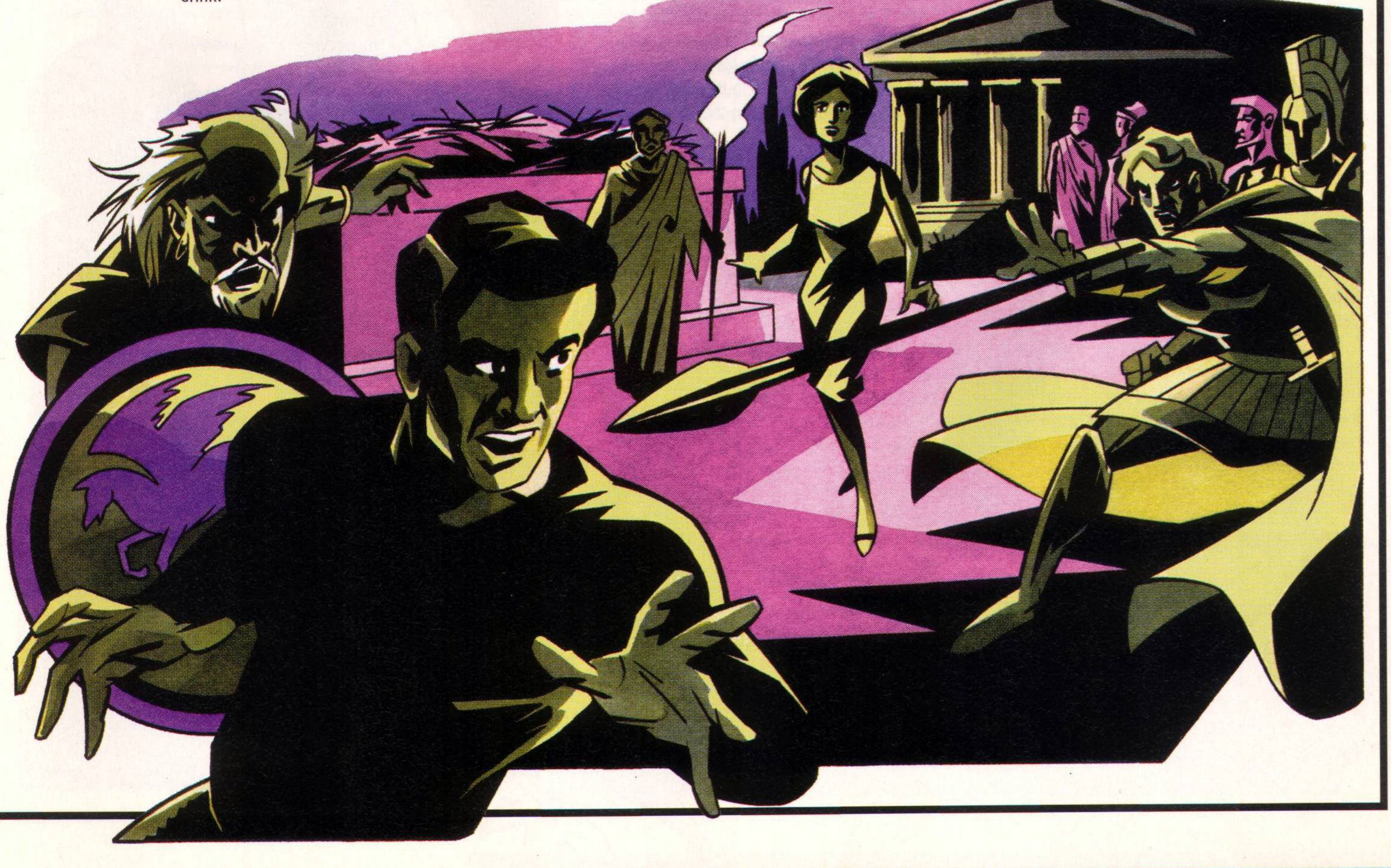
The two brawl, but Ian's thoughtful and cunning moves outwit Seleucus. Pleased, Alexander crowns Ian with a wreath, pronouncing him innocent of all charges. Alexander tells Ptolemy to gather his generals together in the throne room. As they leave, Alexander collapses; Barbara realises he is dying.

As his condition worsens, Alexander holds the meeting with his generals. He now has evidence that a conspiracy is at hand – and that Antipater seems to be at the centre of it. Before Antipater has a chance to speak, Seleucus kills him in supposed revenge for his treachery. Barbara explains that history shows that Alexander is due to die before the day is out and, despite Susan's protestations, Ian refuses to believe that history can't be changed for the good. The Doctor diagnoses that Alexander's lungs are failing and asks Ian to try a build an iron lung, in order to keep them inflated. Despite the history books, the Doctor says that it's still his duty to try and preserve life.

Alexander explains his dream of world unity – but, detecting that the travellers already know the future, learns his dream is no more than that. Ian arrives with a makeshift iron lung, but Alexander refuses to be treated. If unity can't be achieved, then he has nothing to live for.

Later, lying on a bier, Alexander bids farewell to each of his army. As the last files past, the King's pregnant wife, Roxane, arrives as Alexander finally dies. As Seleucus begins to argue with the other generals about who should be Alexander's successor, Ptolemy quickly leads the travellers back to the TARDIS and bids them farewell.

Inside the TARDIS, the Doctor, Ian, Barbara and Susan watch as Alexander's funeral pyre is lit, illuminating the night sky.



it as a historical novel, but by then Mary Renault – a writer of several historical novels on Alexander the Great – had published *Fire From Heaven* and *The Persian Boy*. But even if Renault had not dealt with the subject, I don't think I would have attempted it. Given the themes that obsess me – namely this century's unabated efforts to persecute and/or exterminate peoples and cultures – I kept feeling that writing about the distant past would have been a cop-out, although in this case, Alexander's dream of 'the marriage of the East and the West' could have offered a strong modern-day parable."

The Doctor, Marco Polo and Kublai Khan – a misrepresentation of the truth?

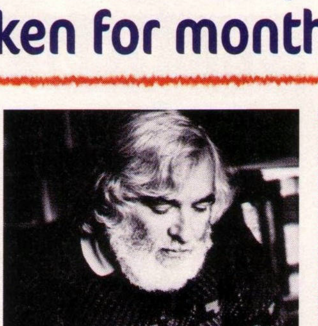
Considering that Farhi began work on the scripts comparatively early in *Doctor Who*'s run, it's a glowing tribute to him that everything about the story works so well. Reading through the scripts today, it's the characterisation which makes *Farewell Great Macedon* such a triumph. The four travellers never say or do a single thing throughout the entire six episodes out of character with their established televised personas. Just as John Lucarotti did in *The Aztecs*, Barbara once again gets to fully utilise her background as a history teacher. It is she who ultimately identifies Alexander the Great and, with her knowledge of Alexander's history, it is she who desperately wants to leave Babylon, knowing the events which surround the King's second visit to the city will ultimately conclude with his death.

The real test of 'new' *Doctor Who* material – be it an an unproduced script, an audio play or a novel – is whether you can actually 'hear' the respective actors saying the words attributed to them as you're reading the dialogue. Reading *Farewell Great Macedon*, you're instantly able to visualise all the scenes in your mind and hear every word of dialogue in the tones of William Hartnell, Carole Ann Ford, William Russell and Jacqueline Hill.

It's quite impossible, for example, not to visualise Hartnell's grin and hear his high-pitched giggle in the scene where the Doctor successfully walks over hot embers in a bid to 'prove' his innocence in the murder of Hephaeston!

But the regular cast are not the only ones who are well catered for. Alexander himself is beautifully scripted and comes across much as Marco Polo and Richard I did in their respective stories – a man in charge, but someone who rules with both wisdom and kindness. Alexander's four Generals and the evil conspirators are equally well- portrayed.

One of the interesting aspects of the story is that it addresses a subject that was pretty much ignored by the programme for its first 13 years – the fact that the TARDIS travellers are able to speak the native language in any and every place they visit. In 1976, *The Masque of Mandragora* included a throwaway reference to the fact that the Doctor allows his companions to share a Time Lord gift – whereas Farhi decides to tackle the issue in a rather more logical way, showing the crew at the outset "strapped onto separate couches . . . each has two electrodes attached to his or her forehead. The electrodes in turn are attached to a strange machine that looks like a cross between a tape-recorder and an electronic computer". As the Doctor explains: "You see, the brain is in actual fact like a computer. All you have to do is feed it with those electrodes and it will absorb whatever knowledge you want . . ."


Writer Moris Fahri

Ultimately, *Farewell Great Macedon* is really about death and betrayal – and, throughout its six episodes, the audience is constantly reminded of the pain and heartache associated with the demise of close companions. This aspect is most starkly brought home in one of its most moving sections – the death of the philosopher Calanus, the second General in succession to Alexander.

In his script, Farhi describes Calanus as "an elderly Negroid-Indian with a small beard. Despite his age and whiting hair, he boasts of a strong, muscular body. He has a most gentle face with eyes emanating wisdom." In the third episode, Calanus is deliberately poisoned with anthrax. Although the Doctor determines to save his life, he decides not to proceed with the treatment once he realises that he would never regain his complete health. As a result, Calanus asks the grieving Alexander to build his funeral pyre: "I thank you for your tears, my brave friend. They are the crowns of our friendship. Am I to understand that you will grant my wish? . . . Do not mourn for me. Soon we shall all meet in another Babylon."

'I agreed to abandon the project. I felt inconsolable and heartbroken for months . . .' ***Moris Fahri***

At the start of the fourth episode, Calanus "walks to the funeral pyre . . . with great difficulty, but erect and proud . . .

"As tears start running down Alexander's cheeks, Calanus climbs the few steps of the pyre and stops at the top. He turns and salutes the camp. Alexander, Hephaeston, Ptolemy and the soldiers salute back.

"Now, painfully, Calanus lies down on the funeral pyre and closes his eyes in anticipation.

"Barricaded by a group of soldiers, Susan, Barbara, Ian and Dr Who watch the proceedings with morbid fascination. Barbara and Susan are crying . . .

"Alexander now picks up a torch and lights the funeral pyre.

"Gradually, smoke starts filling the scene."

Calanus' death also paves the way for the final sequence where Alexander himself dies, once again from poisoning at the hands of Antipater.

One of the great triumphs of Farhi's script is the inevitability of history fulfilling itself with the death of Alexander, his Generals and his dream of a united, peaceful world. Even though the final outcome is ultimately inescapable, it never lessens the dramatic impact of the events as they unfurl. Making a story worthy of six or more 25-minute episodes can be a difficult task at the best of times, as all too often the dramatic narrative ends up being spread too thinly. But not here.

Without a doubt, *Farewell Great Macedon* is an unmade classic in every sense of the word. DWM

It's the end, but ...

by **The Watcher**

As I write, one of my acquaintances is putting the finishing touches to a reference book about that ever-fascinating icon David Bowie. I daresay it's the first time that someone with a deep and silly knowledge of *Doctor Who* has delved quite so profoundly into the world of David Bowie and, knowing that I'm always on the lookout for obscure by-ways down which to steer the combine harvester of my monthly column, my friend has been saving up all manner of bizarre crossover trivia for me to share with you. So now, ladies and gentlemen, take your protein pills and put your helmet on – or, at the very least, put on your red shoes and dance the blues – as we embark on a strange and wonderful journey.

You'd be surprised by quite how many connections there are – and I'm not just talking about the fact that Season Five has got 'scary monsters' in it, or that *The Dæmons* concludes with what could only be described as a 'Letts dance'. No – there's more.

Like Alpha Centauri, Ziggy Stardust was a camp alien androgyne

You may recall that Mr Bowie has already featured in this page's *Final Test*, by virtue of his sharing a sleeve illustrator with *The Doctor Who Dinosaur Book*. But did you know (and I'm prepared to forgive you if you didn't) that on 19 November 1967 the then-unknown Bowie played at a charity ball at London's Dorchester Hotel, and found himself seated for the gala dinner beside none other than Frazer Hines (who, I'm informed by **DWM** oracle Andrew Pixley, had recorded the fifth instalment of *The Ice Warriors* the previous day). And how about this: the sound engineer at Bowie's BBC radio session on 25 March 1970 was one Paddy Kingsland. Bowie was just beginning work on his seminal album *The Man Who Sold the World*; did his prog-rock experiments influence the future composer of the *Mawdryn Undead* soundtrack? I think we all know the answer to that one.

But pish. These are just ships that pass in the night. There are other, altogether weirder connections. Bowie was always a sci-fi fan; one of his early bands used to perform a feedback-heavy rendition of Holst's *Mars, the Bringer of War*, in deference to the boy David's favourite TV hero Quatermass. His first hit, *Space Oddity*, was inspired by a drug-addled trip to see Stanley Kubrick's *2001*. In 1971 he coined the phrase 'homo superior' for a race of super-powered youths a full two years before *The Tomorrow People* hit the airwaves. He's forever quoting *Blade Runner* in his lyrics. There's even a line in a Tin Machine song about being "married to a Klingon" (at the time he hadn't even met his future missus Iman, later to play an alien in *Star Trek VI*). And what do we find on the rear sleeve of his most famous album of all, *The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Metebelis – sorry, Mars*? Why, we find the glittering alien rock star himself, newly fallen to Earth and gazing at us coyly from inside a London telephone box. Coincidence? I think not.

You want more proof? All righty. The last-minute publicity for Ziggy Stardust's debut concert on 29 January 1972 promised that the stage would be bathed in "Alpha Centauri lights". I needn't tell you which *Doctor Who* story was advertised in that week's *Radio Times* – nor need I remind you that Alpha Centauri, like Mr Stardust himself, was an outrageous alien androgyne.

And this is where it gets really good. In 1973 Bowie explained to *Rolling Stone* magazine the story behind a new Ziggy Stardust stage spectacular then in preparation (it never happened). Here's what he said: "The end comes when the infinites arrive . . . they are black-hole jumpers . . . they take bits of Ziggy to make themselves real because in their original state they are anti-matter and cannot exist in our world." Black holes? Anti-matter? Cannot exist in our world? I must inform you that Bowie was in the UK (recording *Aladdin Sane*, as it happens) for the duration of *The Three Doctors*.

You know, of course, that Barry Letts based some of his stories on Buddhist teachings. You may also know that around the time of the Frazer Hines dinner-date, Bowie was going through a major Buddhist phase. What you may not know – and I promise you I'm not making this up – is that the refugee lama who befriended Bowie, and whose rural meditation centre he visited, was Chimi Youngdong Rimpoche, the self-same leading light of Britain's Tibet Society who furnished Letts with the philosophy – and the name – of one of the central characters in *Planet of the Spiders*. Or to put it another way, Bowie's early song *Karma Man* is about K'anpo Rimpoche. Fact!

The spooky regeneration-story connections don't end there. How odd that Bowie's first UK Number One, the re-released *Space Oddity*, should top the chart in 1975 just as our very own Major Tom had really made the grade – while his second, *Ashes to Ashes*, should immolate the same character just as Tom Baker announced his departure in autumn 1980. Fact!

It's on record that Bowie was offered the chance to participate in Peter Davison's regeneration story, although his 'Serious Moonlight' touring commitments put paid to any real possibility that he might play Sharaz Jek. But did you know that in the very month that the Seventh Doctor's name was announced, Bowie's new album appeared with a song called *'87 and Cry*, which included the line: "now you're ready for the real McCoy"? Fact!

But then, when you think about it, these two giants of popular culture have undergone remarkably similar journeys, haven't they? Hungry and naive in the 1960s, trying very hard and occasionally coming up trumps. Definitive and unbeatable in the 1970s, defining their respective territories and setting the pace for others to follow – gloriously glitzy and spectacular at the start of the decade, seriously scary in the middle, and maturing into something of genuine artistic merit (but oh, so under-rated at the time) towards the end. Starting the 1980s with a burst of avant-garde brilliance before losing the plot big-time and going a bit stodgy on us, as international marketing overtook the creative muse. But then, as the 1990s quietly unwound, both were gradually reshaping into an elusive multi-media creature, restlessly inventive, shockingly prolific, and once again fabulously capable of surprising and delighting us with flashes of genius.

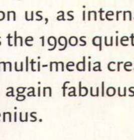
Doctor Who; David Bowie. The same thing.

Possibly.

DWM

The Final Test

Cerebral enough to sit in a jar in Morphoton? As usual, there are no prizes – it's just for fun. Answers next issue.



What connects:

1 *The Aztecs*, *The Chase*, *The Daleks' Master Plan*, *The Gunfighters*, the TV Movie and no others?

2 Drashigs; Foamasi; Androgums?

3 *The Web of Fear*, *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*, *The Sontaran Experiment* and *The Trial of a Time Lord* Parts One to Four?

4 Griffiths, the Ringmaster [pictured], Matrona Kani and the Eighth Doctor?

5 A mercenary's birthplace; Terry's capsule; rich in Oolion; at war with the Federation?

6 *Carnival of Monsters* and *The Green Death*; *The Moonbase* and *The Tomb of the Cybermen*; *The Time Warrior* and *The War Games*?

Answers from last issue

1 The Doctor mentions reversing the polarity of the neutron flow in all four.

2 They all die by drinking poison.

3 Each story features a sometime *Blue Peter* presenter (Peter Purves, Janet Ellis, Christopher Wenner and Sarah Greene).

4 All four were created from re-used costumes (robot from *Out of the Unknown*, an Ice Warrior carapace, an Axon and a Terileptil).

5 They are the only stories in which the Doctor fires a gun (discuss with reference to Eric Saward's concept of *Doctor Who*).

6 All are prefaced by the word 'chameleon' (airline in *The Faceless Ones*; TARDIS component; mentioned by the Doctor in *Horror of Fang Rock*; and the Axons' description of Axonite in *The Claws of Axos*).

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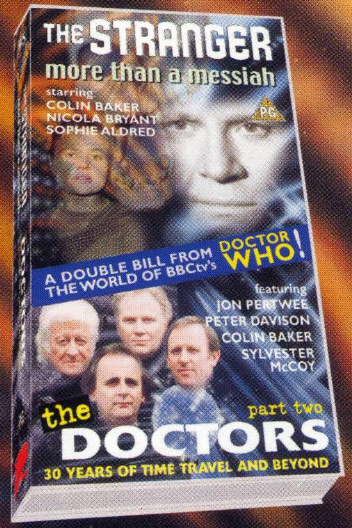

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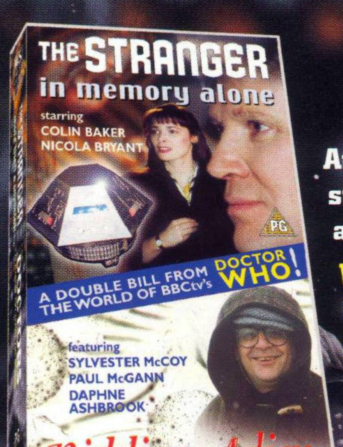

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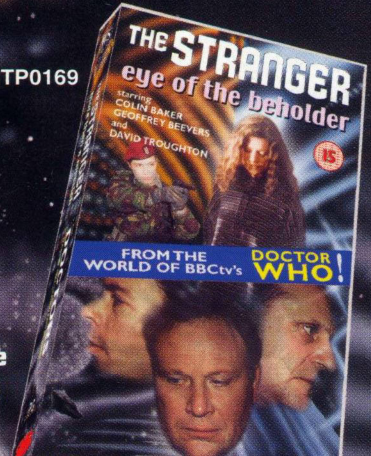

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